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THE REMEDY FOR ARMED PEACE *

BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT

THE German Emperor once found it; there is nothing to be done except to apply it: that is, European union substituted for European anarchy; European union cemented by Franco-German reconciliation.

Through what derisive contradiction was this remedy mentioned only at the period when its realization seemed impossible? Now that it appears less distant, at the time when facts speak and no longer words, nothing is said of it. Governments have no confidence in anything except the increase of their armaments; the experience of these last years shows them the progress of an organization of peace, yet they despair at the moment when they ought to begin to hope.

Insensible to the tremendous unpopularity which they are accumulating against themselves among the masses, they flatter themselves that they can cause it to be accepted, as a patriotic doctrine, that the more a modern State ruins itself in unproductive expenses, the stronger it is; they assert that the more a country neglects its natural resources, the more it will be respected; they pretend that the more it checks the movement of men and capital, with a view to a war which no one desires, the better it will resist the double assault of external competition and internal rebellion. They pay no attention to the new facts which illumine the world and whose full importance public opinion thoroughly comprehends. These new facts have modified international relations in the political system as profoundly as steam,

* Translated by Mary J. Safford.

electricity, aviation, have transformed them in the economic system. Twice within ten years a general Peace Conference has united representatives of all the Governments. It was destined to fail; yet it led twice to practical, tested agreements. The Hague Tribunal has been created; it has performed its functions to the satisfaction of all; it operates more and more frequently for the benefit of the great States as well as the small ones; it has enabled England and Russia, the United States, Mexico, Japan, to settle juridically and peacefully serious conflicts.

This experience of a few years, already valuable through the catastrophes it has been able to prevent, is of still greater importance as a testimony of what it promises for the future. It is now demonstrated that the great military powers can avoid war, if they desire. The arbitration of Casablanca did not occasion a single protest from any quarter, while war would have left in its train only ruin, hatred, and fresh burdens.

Each one of these beneficent proofs in favor of arbitration should have been regarded in every country, every school and family, as a stage passed, bringing mankind nearer to the final organization which it invokes with its most ardent desires.

But no; interest in the object diminishes as it stands out more and more distinctly from the mists of the horizon. Governments witness the awakening of a new faith, a hope finally justified among the masses; and they confine themselves to developing the progress of arbitration; they refuse to go down to the root of the matter. Why are they waiting to be the last to arouse? For what impatience, what threats, what rebellions?

They are waiting until the Franco-German reconciliation upon which everything else depends has become an accomplished fact; but at the same time they refuse to believe in the possibility of such a miracle: they confine themselves to shaking their heads and abstain from any other compromising gesture. They are absorbed in their daily preoccupations, neglecting the vital problem for whose solution the entire world, with France and Germany, is waiting to breathe freely again.

Alsace-Lorraine, as usual, pays the cost of this two-fold impotence; she complains, and her protestations draw from one side sympathy, from the other harshness. The slightest incident

arouses suspicions to her detriment; even aviation, which all humanity should have greeted with the same enthusiasm, under a sky that has no frontiers, even this magnificent discovery created only the most wretched irritability between Paris and Berlin.

All this cannot last; blindness has its limits, and in default of Governments, it will be necessary that private initiative, here as elsewhere, should undertake the venture and place in the forefront of its investigations the problem of Franco-German reconciliation, the condition of world-peace.

I have said in Berlin and have published what I had on my heart concerning this subject. I have said that between France and Germany revenge was no more to be desired than forgetfulness; revenge not being a solution; forgetfulness being neither possible nor lasting, the plaint of a single conscience sufficing to end it.

Is there no issue between these two absolute limits? Must we resign ourselves on both sides to hope for nothing, to do nothing? This seems to me inadmissible.

Silence was imposed the day following the war. Now the two great nations, hurled against each other by the sole fault of their Governments, cannot continue to live side by side, yet completely separated; they cannot share in the constant progress of the world and both stop, paralyzed by mutual distrust and by the burden of a ruinous defence. Both thus deprive themselves of the start their superior civilization ought to secure for them in the progress of the world; they are reduced to following the movement which they ought to lead. This cannot last.

Each one makes up the balance-sheet of its interests, of the internal and external dangers that threaten it, and, having done so, each inwardly says: "What a pity that we could not come to an understanding! What a pity! What a loss to the two countries and to civilization!" This state of mind is the present state of all thinking people in France and in Germany; these alone count, the others follow or will follow. But meanwhile, this state of mind, even though it may not be noticed, is progress. It is a progress that is very little apparent, upon which Govern-

ments cannot take action, and which sceptics must ignore or contest, but it is a great advance, it is the beginning of the mutual self-examination that must precede the final concord. It is the prelude. Each feels that this harmony is necessary; to one as much as to the other; perhaps it is even more necessary to Germany than to France. For when France is peaceful she reassures the world. She contributes efficaciously to the general progress and to the organization of peace; therefore all the nations feel an interest in her conservation, which has become an element and a guarantee of the prosperity of all. Germany, on the contrary, however peaceful the Emperor, his Government, and the majority of the people certainly are, appears none the less the modern hot-bed, the high school of militarism. There is no one who does not say to himself that this militarism is not only an anachronism, but a continual danger; a danger that the policy of the Governments may ward off to-day, but which an impulse, an error, may unchain to-morrow. Therefore a defeat of France would be regarded throughout the entire world as a blow dealt at peace, and consequently at the general security, while the victory of Germany would be the triumph, the consecration of the militarism which all endure and everyone detests.

If all this is correct, we may say in other words, that Germany has a great interest in reassuring the world, in her turn, including her own people, who, like ours, know what war costs, and who also claim security for the future.

Assuming that the German Government disregards this need of security, it will work against itself, for the benefit of socialism and anarchy. No one to-day disputes that socialism may be indirectly one of the results of militarism.

In every civilized country men no longer accept the traditional idea of inevitable and fruitful wars; everywhere people are beginning to understand that the majority of wars have originated in personal or dynastic ambitions, in chance adventures, or simply in ignorance, error, routine, or the mere dread of reform. We are commencing to realize that Governments formerly administered war to the nations as a purge, a good bleeding, to calm them and create a diversion of their troublesome requirements. But that period, happily, is over, and I am very

proud of having been able, so far as my powers would permit, to contribute in denouncing it. This period is over, for permanent reasons, which, henceforth, will be daily affirmed with ever-increasing force and clearness. It is not sentiment that demands a change, it is the common interest, understood by all. And this is why you see everywhere the desire to discriminate sharply between wars of conquest, which are no longer wanted, and resistance to wars of conquest, a resistance which everyone prepares, in spite of the inevitable polemics, a resistance which is organized and which it is necessary to organize, even in the schools, in the interest of fatherland, liberty, and right.

I affirm, with the certainty of a witness who believes much more in the scrupulous examination of the feelings and interests of a people than in governmental reports, I affirm that aside from a very small number of Frenchmen, who nevertheless are disinterested and estimable, like Paul Déroulède, the policy of revenge and war has no one in its favor among our laboring population and even among those who would be the first to expose their lives, as I should do myself and as all my family would do, if the German army, on any pretext, should attack France. I affirm that no Government will be able to induce France to attack Germany. The people have understood that in the last analysis conquest, active or passive, is always against them.

The French, perhaps better than the Germans, know that they have everything to lose and nothing to gain from war, even if victorious. France would thereby lose the benefit of the active policy of appeasement, of which she has set the impressive and contagious example for forty years. The Germans would be wrong to deceive themselves on their side; I repeat it, speaking without passion, in their interest as well as in the interest of all: willing or unwilling, the whole world would oppose to their ambition a coalition more imposing than that which Prince Bismarck himself headed in 1878 at Berlin to stop the Russian conquerors at San Stefano. That is not all; this useless war, with no other effect than the ruin of each and the embarrassment of all, would cause in both countries—more enlightened now than forty years ago—internal rebellions and incalculable disorders.

The Republic in France would be menaced by a return of

Cæsarian reaction; would the German monarchy escape in its turn a revolt in the opposite direction?

The man who would dare to kindle war between France and Germany could be only a fool or a madman.

It will be objected that France may be swept away. That is an error.

The foreign policy of France to-day is not the policy of a Government, it is the policy of the country, it is our national policy. This is the great change accomplished; moreover, our Government is the first to declare it openly. This policy has found its expression, its future, in the conventions at The Hague for the peaceful settlement of international conflicts. It does not imply, it does not permit any forfeiture of right, but neither does it permit the solutions of violence; it favors alliances, agreements, cordial understandings; but even in spite of the most Machiavellian and most secret treaties that Governments could conclude, it requires that its agreements should not be directed against anyone; and no one can lead it into unfair preferences.

By the aid of this national foreign policy, which is assuming form after forty years of efforts and sacrifices succeeding repeated tests of the contrary policy, France is now beginning to conceive and define her national internal policy. Here our best foreign friends cease to comprehend us; they are deafened by the polemics of our newspapers, by the heat of our parliamentary discussions, and they imagine that all this uproar prevents us from working, when most frequently it stimulates us. The proof is in our ever-increasing wealth; a wealth which is the fruit of unceasing labor. This labor is beginning to organize itself with a view to improve the resources of our soil, our climate, our inhabitants, who, though not numerous, are all the more active and industrious; our programme of economical, agricultural, industrial, commercial, intellectual and even moral work, whatever may be said of it, is being outlined and maintained; it is summed up in these words: to develop national prosperity under the protection of our amicable international relations: "*pro patria per orbis concordiam.*"

We hear only of our strikes, our social and other crises, and our own journals cry every morning: *Finis Galliæ!* But Ger-

many, too, has her strikes, and as for France, we do not continue the less to progress by peace; this policy has yielded such results that we can regard the future without more uneasiness than our neighbors; perhaps we can await events better than they. A good third of Frenchmen are landowners, the other two aspire to be. This is a guarantee of order and progress that many countries, apparently less turbulent, but really more disturbed than ours, may envy us.

While working we reason, instruct ourselves, exchange ideas with our neighbors, add our experiences and observations to the common stock, and the policy of peace being gradually acclimated in the country regarded as one of the most warlike in the world, this policy having endured, having proved its advantages, is overflowing into the other nations, and important questions now take their proper places naturally in the preoccupations of public opinion.

It is useless to say in Germany: "There is no Alsace-Lorraine question," as we said in France: "There is no Dreyfus affair." Free minds do not conceal from themselves the truth; they establish the fact that Alsace-Lorraine has remained the insurmountable wall separating the two countries, when it could, should, and would fain be the bond of union between them. This fact is stronger than all the official statements; it reduces them to the rôle of ineffectual scarecrows; and therefore no one in the world can prevent individual thought, energy, and good will from substituting themselves for governmental obstinacy and error. In the day when French thought and German thought join to seek together the solution of the problem, it will be of little importance that it should once have been declared insoluble; the mere fact that it is placed in the forefront, not of the official, but of the moral cares of the two countries, the mere fact that it is rightly presented, will be already a great advance. And there is not a power in the world which could prevent it from thus presenting and obtruding itself, precisely as the problem of a Court of Arbitration presented itself, though people laughed at the idea; and as the problem of the limitation of armaments now presents itself, though people pretend to be exasperated by it. It is a matter simply of the irresistible force of circumstances.

Let the discussion once be opened, from conscience to conscience, if not from Government to Government, between the two countries, and though I see clearly its dangers, they make me less uneasy than the ambiguities of silence.

There will be unreasonableness and intolerance on both sides, of course; it is in this way that all agreements, all reconciliations begin. For my part, I am making the largest allowance for the Governments; I will grant that at the present time they cannot define the mutual honorable and acceptable concessions that both sides must make to reach an agreement. Every proposition which has not been matured through investigation and the preliminary discussions of public opinion, will be sterile and merely raise the protests of arbitrary minds; but the point concerning which there is no doubt in my eyes is that it is time for the two countries, as well as Alsace-Lorraine herself, to put in motion all their resources of patriotism and reason to solve the problem sensibly and fairly, and not to justify the belief that only socialist levelling can procure for us the remedy which the middle classes have given up as hopeless.

All this is crucial, because on the Alsace-Lorraine problem depend all the other problems, beginning with that of armaments; and these other difficulties may be juggled with for a time, but not suppressed.

Dilatory measures are only temporary expedients. A child will understand that if the Germans and the French do not wish to fight or to ruin themselves, they must and will come to an agreement. A child will also understand that the longer they delay their reconciliation, the more it will cost them. And if, in the general progress of ideas and good sense, Governments alone do not yield to the evidence, so much the worse for them; there will have been no lack of appeals.

Their unproductive expenditures and their resistance to social demands will appear no longer disconcerting, but monstrous. They must render accounts!

What have you done with these thousands of millions which constitute our debt, and whose interest our children will have to pay indefinitely? the people will ask. The Governments will vainly show their armadas of Dreadnoughts filling the ports;

they will vainly show at the same time their submarines, torpedo boats and aeroplanes, which are to annihilate the power of these Dreadnoughts, outmoded and outclassed as soon as they are completed. The outcome is not doubtful; the Governments will be compelled to end where we have asked them to begin; their error will have cost only one hundred and fifty thousand millions of francs in twenty-five years, for Europe alone! One hundred and fifty thousand millions that will have been of no service, and which would have sufficed to transform the world. . . !

A man of order, first of all, I have tried, with my friends, to warn the Governments, that of France like the rest. Our voices have been drowned by the tumult of the hammers forging steel plates constantly made thicker, and constantly pierced by cannon that ever grow larger. All these plates, under the tempest of popular wrath, will not have the resistance of a sheet of paper that two Heads of States might have signed; but they weigh on mankind none the less as an insupportable burden. The day when rebellion bursts forth, the antagonism of Governments will be nothing in comparison with the real antagonism they will have prepared against themselves, the antagonism between the Governments and the people.

The Governments can still choose between reconciliation and the chasm; they can no longer anticipate popular aspirations, but they can respond to them, and this would be for the Sovereign, the Head of a State, the Minister who should take such an initiative, a glory peerless in history.

It is humiliating to our human dignity that, in the presence of this alternative, there could be hesitation, and that the Governments of the two great countries could not choose between fame and failure.

[*A supplementary letter from Baron d'Estournelles de Constant is given here, as it completes the article.*—Editor.]

To the Editor of THE FORUM:

DEAR SIR:

I am pleased that you are publishing in THE FORUM my article on "The Remedy for Armed Peace." This article,

indeed, was written with especial reference to European Governments; but we all depend on one another. Already the United States has rendered immense service to the peace of the world and her initiative in this direction, crowned by the last proposition of President Taft, will be perhaps her greatest title to the admiration and gratitude of posterity.

But it must be realized that all the efforts of America in favor of arbitration will only be fully effective when the Franco-German reconciliation, through mutual and honorable concessions, acceptable to both sides, shall become an accomplished fact, like the Franco-British reconciliation.

I am convinced that this reconciliation, as necessary to the peace of the whole world as to the prosperity of the two countries concerned, must be the work of public opinion as much, at least, as of the Governments. That is why I am happy that my article will be able to reach, thanks to you, American public opinion, already so enlightened and so passionately devoted to the great new cause of international justice.

It is essential that all should realize the true facts: the victory of arbitration is coming closer, and only the Franco-German situation "stops the way."

(*Signed*) D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT.

IS THERE ANYTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN?

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."—Ecclesiastes.

THERE is in our own time and generation a growing impatience with the life-conception that makes out of fate not a stepping-stone under our feet but a millstone around our necks. More and more we are inclined to challenge that sad cry of the Preacher as the final sum and substance of what man may learn concerning life and himself. The moment is drawing nigh, I, for one, believe, when for this truth of the past, which tyrannically interposes itself between us and the future, must be substituted a later and wider and higher truth based on the remarkable advance in knowledge made during the last few centuries. And what is this more recent truth in the last analysis but a recognition—gaining daily in strength and clearness—of life as endless change, as a never-ending rebirth on brighter and more far-visioned planes, as an eternal upward climb from darkness to light, from hatred to love, from infuriated slavery to self-surrender in freedom?

"That which is crooked cannot be made straight," declared the Preacher. And the Buddha cried: "Behold, O monks, the holy truth of suffering—birth is suffering, old age is suffering, disease is suffering, and death is suffering."

The Preacher and the Buddha knew nothing but the fact of disease. Its nature was still hidden from them. And for this reason it seemed to them a blow struck at man from without—a castigation that might or might not be deserved, but which could not possibly be avoided. The intimate connection between cause and effect, though dimly felt both by the Sage of Palestine and the Prophet of India, was not yet grasped and mastered by their reasons. In so far as they foresaw the law of causation, it was only in the form which demands that the sins of the fathers be visited on the children unto the third and fourth generations.

As a law bringing good no less than evil, and with equal inevitability, it was wholly foreign to them.

To us of the present day, helped in our vision by the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope, and a thousand other modern inventions, disease is always the logical effect of ascertainable causes. With the blind awe removed, we are able to realize it as a hint from life of error committed. And in so far as we succeed in revealing the nature of such an error, the disease depending on it will also be rendered avoidable for the future. Thus men have already been led into dreams of a coming day when disease will exist only as a sporadic and quickly checked relapse into past mistakes.

Yes, crookedness is actually being made straight these days. By groping our way from link to link along the endless chain of cause and effect, we are discovering that much which used to be deemed FATAL is little more than ACCIDENTAL. More and more effectively with every passing year, we are also learning that the relationship of cause and effect cannot be pictured as a straight line, but must be thought of rather as a series of widening circles. And we have come to understand how tremendous the force and scope of those spreading rings of effect may prove in comparison with the tiny causal point at their centre. Acting on this new knowledge, we are establishing such subtle and far-reaching connections as those between under-nourishment and crime, between over-feeding and insanity. The surgeon's scalpel has already helped more than one of life's supposedly helpless victims not only to see and hear, but to feel and think straight; while the dietary of the practitioner and the exercises of the physical trainer are turning human rag-heaps into full-brained and full-brawned men and women.

There is, of course, some crookedness that has its roots struck so deeply in the racial soil that we cannot yet prevail over it. Our means are still as limited as our knowledge, but, like this, they are rapidly expanding. Where the fault committed far back in the centuries has had the chance to eat itself into the very core of some line of descent, there we acknowledge temporary defeat. And with as much kindness as our purpose permits, we propose to eliminate what we cannot set right. The

parts thus affected may suffer—they have certainly a just cause for complaint. But whose is the fault? Their own? Or life's? No, answers modern science unequivocally to each of those questions. The fault must then lie with somebody or something that is smaller than life and larger than individual man: that means, with the stock, the group, the race. For we are not merely "ourselves." We are units within a larger whole. We are, in fact, parts of many larger entities, and with each one of these we may have to suffer in so far as it happens to violate some of life's immutable laws.

As disease is a warning of danger within the individual body, so disaster, distress and disease on a larger scale must be regarded as warnings that things are wrong within the social body. No longer do they confront us as unchangeable facts—as integral features of life. They are just symptoms that have a traceable cause and that call for action. And in almost every case the symptoms are discovered, and the first impetus to remedial action given, by the pained outcries of some latter-day pessimist. For the pessimist uses the life he sees, with its many shortcomings, as an excuse for condemning all life. And thus while he is aiming futile arrows at that which lies beyond his reach, he assists in the task which Lester F. Ward had in mind when he said: "What the human race requires is to be awakened to a realization of its condition. It will then find a remedy for its woes."

But evolution was undreamt of in the days of the arch-pessimist who wrote: "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." With us, on the other hand, evolution is a fact that is assuming greater and greater predominance in our comprehension of life. No longer do we behold existence as a stagnant pool—a pool which mirrors heaven on its surface, to be sure, but which nevertheless stinks with a decay that is inseparable from absence of movement. Before our rapt eyes life flows by like a mighty, restless, all-embracing current of energy. We are still so lately escaped from the blindness of the past, that we continue to mourn the quick passing of each new moment which we try to hold and keep as a lasting "now." We are still encompassed by tarrying mists that tempt us into spending useful time on such argu-

ments as that, after all, evolution and progress are two wholly different terms. We can no longer deny that life moves—but filled as we are with the prejudices and superstitions handed down by our forefathers with the very blood flowing through our veins, we are still doubting whether the motion of life may really lead us forward.

A new Galileo is needed. But when he comes, as come he must, he will not have to cry so loud or so long, nor will he be burnt at the stake for his wider vision of truth. The race is ready for him. The cry once raised by the right man, it will ring out from pole to pole, until the whole globe is set trembling with the triumph of its message. The world, the universe, life, man, everything, moves—and wherever there is motion, there WHAT IS CANNOT REMAIN THE SAME.

The Preacher of Jerusalem was a man of "great estate," of solid possessions, and these, too, he found disappointing—as have others before and after him. The one thing that never seems to have occurred to him was that the trouble might lie within himself. "I made me great works," he tells us; "I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards . . . I got me servants and maidens . . . I gathered me also silver and gold . . . So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem."

Much he made and much he got—but for whom? Note the "me" that accompanies each new item on his list! For himself he did and tried all those things—and the happiness they brought was worm-eaten. There are men to-day who may not even be counted more than WORLDLY WISE, and who yet know that the great works and houses and vineyards and gardens which they enjoy most securely and most completely are those they ordain not for themselves but for others. Here, as in many other things, we find the Preacher simply a child of his own day, and not the master of all time. But let us get nearer the heart of his plaint.

"And how dieth the wise man?" he called into the surrounding night. To which the answer came out of his own mouth: "As the fool. Therefore I hated life."

This is probably to-day, as it has always been, the worst despair of all. The fear of death—how this motive runs like a black thread through all but an infinitesimal part of mankind's literature! "Woe upon the life of man, which lasts but a little while!" cried the Buddha. And at the heart of Schopenhauer's dark look upon life lay the same resentment against his own dissolution. In Europe and the Indies—4,000 years before Christ or 2,000 years after—it is always there: the fear of death! But taking its cue from the very men who offered mankind the bitterest drink ever prepared for it—from the Buddha and Schopenhauer, both of whom tried vainly to goad men into forestalling the inevitable—science has turned that fear inside out. And what is thus laid bare to us, we find astoundedly to be—the WILL TO LIVE, the joy of living, the pressure of that vital force which carries and moves and guides the whole universe.

And if the fear still remain a fear—well, let us read on once more. "Yes, I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun: because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me."

There's the rub!—not the going of one, but the coming of the other. Yet men who were not counted wise—men led by feeling rather than by reasoned insight, by impulse rather than by what is generally called wisdom—these have, in all times, labored for nothing so hard as for the hope of leaving a better lot, a brighter earth, for "the man that came after them." At first they were thinking merely of the son, the daughter, the coming generations of their own blood—but gradually that thought grew and widened and rose, until it is now promising to embrace all generations of all mankind: Humanity. More and more we have grown to live outside of ourselves, ahead of our own limited hour. The future and the race are taking more and more of our feelings and cares and plans. We have gone on adding to our own selves—possessions, loves, kinships, friendships, loyalties, patriotisms—until to-day the centre of our being seems to have become projected far beyond its own boundaries in time and space.

Still the fear of death has not departed from us. Why not?

Let us read on. "For there is a man whose labor is in wisdom, and in knowledge, and in equity; yet to a man that hath not labored therein shall he leave it for his portion. This also is vanity and a great evil."

Gradually we are admitting that a "great portion" should not pass to this man or that, without reference to his wisdom, knowledge or equity. The evil of such descent is already being acknowledged indirectly—through taxation of incomes and inheritances; through the rearing of Socialist Utopias; through the institution of trust foundations, and in a hundred other ways that are becoming inextricably woven into our social life. Instead of sighing over our inability to remain here as custodians of what we have brought together, we are coming to realize that, if we leave our portion not to this man or that—be he ever so near of kin—but to all men, then we may shed all fears that the needed wisdom and knowledge and equity for its proper handling be not forthcoming. For we are actually learning—although we swallow the lesson neither readily nor gracefully—that the decline of the world does not accompany our own. It comes hard, but we must acknowledge it: when our own shoulders are taken from under it, the world will not drop!

Guided, as always, by science, we are led on to see that when our own path begins to slope downward, it is only in order that there may be room and energy available for still higher and more perfect incarnations of the life spirit—and just because our own degree of perfection has served its purpose and reaped its reward in the bearings of the new that is to take our places. We are foreseeing, at last, that when this world of ours begins itself to descend toward its final disintegration, that, too, will happen only in order that there may be room and energy available for the rebuilding of a new world on a grander scale and a more refined plan.

The old dreamers were right—not the brooding, carping pessimists, but the mystic singers of mighty dreams: after Ragnarök and the dusk of the gods will follow a new earth and a new Asgård; the New Jerusalem will rise in eye-dazzling splendor on the ruins of the old. Those glorious visionaries saw as through a glass darkly, and we are beginning to see with the

brilliant clearness of unobstructed vision. But what they dreamt and what we see is the same at heart: that the new is always better than the old, and that what is better is always new. To grasp this truth of a coming day, however, and to live safely on its promise, one thing is needed which has yet to be built—and that is a faith based on knowledge instead of hopes or fears.

Such a faith the Preacher did not possess, and could not possess, because he was living in a day that had not yet acquired the knowledge needed for its foundation. And therefore he was able to write and mean that "Much study is a weariness of the flesh." Yet the travail of thousands of patient toilers has done this much for us: it has divulged the source and support of pessimism. Here it is well to recall the words of Rudolf Eucken: "He may not be called pessimist who merely feels the profundity of life's painfulness, but only he who thereby is driven toward a ceasing of all struggle and toward a weary resignation."

True pessimism we find in the words of Schopenhauer: "Each individual existence is a definite mistake, a blunder, something that would be better not to have been, and the object of existence should be to end it." We find it again in these words written by Huysmans: "But that which remains for ever incomprehensible is the initial horror, the horror imposed on each of us, of having to live, and that is a mystery which no philosophy can explain."

This genuine pessimism seems to have been unknown to classic antiquity. So was individualism in our modern sense. These two principles—pessimism and individualism—must be considered all but inseparable. The tendency toward both has, of course, been with man ever since he became human. For the future lies wrapped in the past. And in the remotest day that was, the remotest day yet to come lay already foreshadowed.

But individualism found its first tangible expression in Palestine somewhat before the time when the Preacher may be assumed to have lived. It took the form of a hope for personal salvation substituted for one of national rejuvenation. It grew and spread during the centuries leading up to the appearance of

Christianity. And as Christianity has developed historically, it is simply systematized individualism based on a pessimistic interpretation of our present life. But by giving him a foothold outside of this world—however imaginary—it has enabled man to wrench himself free from the tyrannical sway exercised over him by the social group to which he belonged.

Previously man was little more than an atom in the social molecule, a polyp doomed to help in the upbuilding of the coral reef of the city or the state. The change brought about by Christianity and other coöperating forces must not be pictured as a degeneration, although, like most deaths that bring new life, it proved so painful that its pangs are not yet outlived. Such a change was needed for life's further development, life having progressed as far as it could without the added impetus of less circumscribed individual variation.

Evolutionary progress runs always from stability to flexibility. At first life seeks mainly to establish itself, to make sure of its own preservation, and for this fundamental purpose it requires chiefly order. But no sooner does life seem secure than it turns to perfection as its higher and more essential aim. And thence onward it demands a greater and greater degree of progress—that is, of flexibility—while order is more and more taken for granted. Conformation precedes variation as life's principal requisite: and whatever life particularly requires, it nurses as the foremost VIRTUE in its creatures.

Individualism means above everything else greater variability on the part of the human unit, together with a growing chance for this quality to assert itself against the resistance of tradition and custom. Conformation, once the most desirable quality, is made to take a subordinate place, but not without a struggle—and "hence these tears." For the individual, having become conscious of a right on his part to what he calls freedom, turns impatiently against any and every restriction. Having felt and seen the opposition between his own identity and all the rest of the universe, he will not rest satisfied with anything less than the spreading of his own self over everything else, until the whole universe may be spoken of in terms of I and ME and MINE.

This is individualism carried to its utmost consequence—and as such it plays a highly important part in life's economy. While inspired by such ambitions, man ventures upon all sorts of reckless undertakings. For these he pays often with his very existence, but none the less life profits by them. The fact that the innovator perishes when the world is not yet ready for the bursting of the form against which he rebels, does not mean that his innovation perishes with him. The latter goes marching on, until the seemingly impossible happens, and the universe is actually made over in the image of the perished man's dream.

In this struggle of new against old, the individual must suffer, of course, until he has learned what he is doing and what is being done by others. He cries bitterly because of every limitation encountered by his self. Were he left unchecked to follow his own burning desire, he would go off at a tangent like a shooting star and the world would be reduced to chaos. But the principle of conformation remains all the time at work in the background. It finds its embodiment in the mass as the selective agent that sits in judgment on all individual innovations, accepting what is felt to be life-promoting, and ruthlessly rejecting what is suspected of being life-retarding.

A day must come, however—and perhaps it has already dawned—when all is accomplished that may be gained through this kind of blind interaction, this apparently purposeless fight between principles that are mutually ignorant of each others' natures and justifications. Does life then come to a stop? Hardly: for nothing that we have discovered so far indicates that life can EVER stop. Instead we may—nay, must—assume that it rises to a still higher plane. As stability had to be superseded by flexibility, so consciousness supersedes unconsciousness. From instinctive struggle for the boundless assertion of his own freedom, the individual passes onward to open-eyed recognition of the true relationship between himself and the race; while the race, on the other hand, becomes increasingly aware of the part played by the individual as its own vanguard. When this happens, then individualism, as we understand it now, will have served its day. Something else will take its place—a new attitude of mind—and this coming mood of man is already "in the

air." Call it socialism, mutualism, solidarism, anything you care —at heart it is going to mean just this: a voluntary surrender on the part of the individual self, whereby it will be assured of all the freedom it needs and wants within the limits of a larger self.

One more quotation—the last one: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

So there is, indeed. But he who wrote those words, and who gave as foremost instance "a time to be born, and a time to die," forgot to include "a time to BE and a time to GROW." In our keen recognition of the fact that—to our limited vision—ascent always precedes descent, we have overlooked the possibility that the order of these two processes might, perhaps, be reversible; that descent might prove ascent of a different, and maybe higher, kind. It has been said that our capacity for growth is greater just after birth and decreases steadily to the end, so that we may be said to be dying from the moment of our projection into life. This ingenious argument does not reckon with the fact that the earlier growth is largely a recapitulation of the course ground into life by our innumerable forebears, while our later growth is more likely to be our own—to mark the one little step that we personally are able to add unto all those taken by the vast multitudes that have preceded us. And it is this one new step, this final venturing into the regions of still unshaped life, that takes the greatest capacity for growth and the greatest expenditure of vital energy.

Flexibility may be greatest in childhood, but strength and endurance are not. Man, we know now, is strongest just before his strength begins to wane—and the future promises him as its richest fruit, not an abolishment of death, or even necessarily its postponement, but a prolongation of the period of growth—a preservation of physical and mental flexibility to a time of life when vital stability is most firmly established.

Seen in the light of these new possibilities, the childhood and youth of man assume the part known to be played by the childhood and youth of life itself. These periods of vital development display the most rapid but not the most essential

form of growth. If the analogy be true, the afternoon of life becomes the real growing time—the time for the spending of which we have been brought into this world. And if we consider life in its entirety, it seems certain in the light of present knowledge, that the time of mere BEING precedes and prepares the time of actual GROWING.

"To everything there is a season"—yes, and the season of growth is dawning for this our world, as well as for mankind itself. Human life has become established in its humanity. What lies before us is the very essence and flower of our existence as a race: the moulding of the new form that shall receive the torch from us and carry it up triumphantly to the next plane of life. Once this has been accomplished, a seeming end will come to the old form. There will be an ebbtide presaging and preparing the next and still mightier floodtide of life. There will be a pause in the rhythm of being, but only in order that its beat may make itself more clearly and joyously felt.

Mankind is turning into fruit in order that the new seed may be sown and sprout and grow and blossom and set fruit and add its new moment of perfection to the sum total of life. In such a consummation there is hope and purpose enough for me at least. And it is this new hopeful purpose, wrung from the message with which modern science is fraught, that has changed me from a believer in the past and in the part to a builder of the future and the whole.

And therefore I cry joyfully and sincerely: there is always something new under the sun! Each new day sees the whole world renewed. From millennium to millennium the advance may be barely perceptible. From æon to æon it must be so great that our eyes would be blinded, could they look that far. And by and by—as one new thing is added to the other, until gradually the past seems completely outgrown—there may come a new sun even: a spiritual, self-conscious sun; a sun with a "soul"; a sun that to our present one is what man is to the blind, inflexible elements of inorganic matter. It is for the coming of the new—of the new man, and the new sun, and the new life, and the new god—that we should all be living and loving and working and dreaming. For surely the world does move!

THE PASSING OF THE OPIUM TRAFFIC

ROSA PENDLETON CHILES

THE record of China's long struggle with the opium traffic has been an almost unbroken chronicle of economic loss, political effacement, social degradation and moral death. But within the past three years a thrilling chapter has been written in which despair has given place to hope. It is a dazzling account of one of those brilliant onsets by which Right, after long years of plodding, suddenly sweeps on to victory. No other movement for ethical reform in the history of the world compares in magnitude with the present anti-opium crusade in China, nor has any other reform been prosecuted with such success. Reforms have been started in China, as well as in other lands, before now that have been "written with a pitchfork on the surface of the sea," but this one has back of it the impetus of genuine desire and purpose necessary to accomplishment.

Reasons for the Movement

Three definite reasons for the movement itself and the momentum it has gathered stand out prominently—moral awakening, political ambition, and economic necessity. For more than a half century the missionaries have wrought and wrought well to influence action against the national vice of China—opium smoking. Affiliated with them have been the missionary organizations of other lands, especially England and America, and, of late, the International Reform Bureau, ably represented in this country by Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts and in China by the Rev. E. W. Thwing. These united forces, agitating, persuading, convincing, have awakened the conscience of the East and created new ethical standards, and the guerdon, in addition to thousands of individual lives saved from ruin and despair, is a new China. The moral element in the motives actuating the work of the past three years cannot be too strongly emphasized, but the political element is no light consideration. China has been so long under the domination of superior powers that national assertiveness

has become almost an unknown quantity. A member of the International Opium Commission at Shanghai referred recently to the Chinese fear of taking the initiative.

"Opium?" I suggested.

"No," was the reply, "the feeling that a foreign power could not land on the shores of China without demanding an indemnity or a promise."

In its last analysis, however, the want of aggressiveness may be found in no small measure to be due to the decrease in national vigor from opium, and a valuable object lesson on the Pacific a few years ago brought this realization to the minds of Chinese statesmen. Japan, insignificant in size compared with China and supporting a people of the same race, fought one of the greatest wars in modern history and defeated a first-class power of Europe. At once China was on fire. If Japan had done this thing, why could not she do as much, *and more?* One great reason was opium. Men cannot achieve glory in the opium dens, and out of this humiliating consciousness was born a determination to be rid of opium. But though the moral idea has gripped the Chinese mind and conscience and the desire to share in world progress and power has been stimulated to a high degree, the dominant note in the great reform is a sense of economic ruin. The best lands of the Empire have been given to the poppy, a non-useful, not to say ruinous crop. The population has been increasing and food production decreasing. Famines have continued for long periods in one district, and another district in the same province, with sufficient supply, has been unable to send relief from lack of transportation. By the use of opium the strength of the people has been sapped below the earning capacity in thousands of cases. The masses have been held in a hopeless bondage to the national vice and the wheels of internal progress have been clogged. Such economists and statesmen as Yuen Shi Kai and Tong Shao Yi saw all of this and saw, moreover, that the false policy by which China sought through domestic production to stop the pouring of silver into foreign coffers to buy opium, had increased her troubles many fold. So they began to consider drastic measures to satisfy the economic necessity of abolishing opium.

Realizing that the psychological moment had arrived, the missionaries of all nationalities residing in China now prepared a memorial containing 1,333 signatures, which Governor-General Chou Fu, of the "River Provinces," presented to the Throne. Within a month an Imperial Edict was issued ordering the Chengwuchu, or Government Council, to draft regulations regarding the prohibition of opium, and the Council responded in ten articles covering the various ramifications of the subject. I give these articles in abridged form to demonstrate the systematic and thorough manner in which China set out to deal with this matter.

1. To limit the cultivation of the poppy by reducing the area already given to its production one-ninth each year for nine years (afterwards changed to one-tenth each year for ten years), the amount of acreage being recorded in title deeds, and forbidding the cultivation on land hitherto not used for the purpose.

2. Requiring certificates from smokers stating the accustomed daily amount used by each, in order to deal justly with them in giving up the habit, and to prevent future cases, no certificate to be granted after the first registration.

3. Requiring gradual reduction in use, the amount depending upon the extent of the habit as recorded in the certificate.

4. The closing within six months of opium shops in which there were lamps for smoking, forbidding the sale of opium pipes and lamps within the same period, and the sale and use of opium in restaurants and bars.

5. Registration of shops and forbidding new shops to open.

6. The manufacture of medicines by the Government for the cure of the habit, such medicines to be sold at cost, with free dispensing to the poor unable to buy.

7. The organization of anti-opium societies for local influence and active assistance, such societies to exercise no political control.

8. Registration of smokers, cures, medicines distributed, and anti-opium societies in each province for the purpose of comparing results in the several provinces and rewarding responsible officials.

9. Prohibition of smoking by officials in a shorter time than

by the people for the moral effect, and removal from office in case of violation of the order.

10. Instructions to the Wai-wu-pu (Foreign Office) to negotiate a convention with Great Britain for the stoppage of importation by the expiration of the time set for complete abolition in China.

The British Impulse

A strong impulse given this action taken by China in September, 1906, was the course of the British Parliament in May of the same year. It may be remembered that the British House of Commons in 1891 by a small majority adopted a resolution declaring the India opium trade with China "morally indefensible," but economic considerations prevented any effort to discontinue it. Ten years later, however, New Zealand prohibited the importation of opium, in 1904 Australia did the same, followed by South Africa and Canada. Japan took fairly high ground in dealing with the matter in Formosa and excluded all opium from her home ports except that brought in for necessary medical use. Later the traffic was practically swept from the Philippines, and the pronouncement of the world was becoming so strong against it that the British Parliament in 1906 again took up the matter, urged this time by the President of the United States on behalf of our Chambers of Commerce, industrial interests, the International Reform Bureau, and our religious bodies. Some very strong arguments were made when the discussion came up. Mr. T. C. Taylor, M. P., outlining with forcefulness the history of the traffic and holding England responsible for its continuance, met the revenue argument with the unanswerable moral aphorism, "Wrong cannot be justified by revenue nor misery by money." This moral argument was strengthened by the opinion of medical men, reference being made to the declaration of the harmfulness of opium signed by five thousand physicians in 1892. It is significant of the growing anti-opium sentiment in England that the Commons this time voted unanimously against the traffic in a resolution embodying these words:

"This House reaffirms its conviction that the Indo-Chinese

opium trade is 'morally indefensible' and requests his Majesty's Government to take such steps as may be necessary to bring it speedily to a close."

The Rt. Hon. John Morley, Secretary of State for India (now Lord Morley), stated in the discussion of the resolution that if China really wanted to be rid of opium the British Government would interpose no obstacle. The belief up to this time had been that China's professions of opposition to opium were not sincere, a belief largely justified, for after her last opium war the hopelessness of her cause produced a loss of resisting power that resulted in national apathy and finally in national endorsement of the trade. Now, however, as has been seen, China was thoroughly aroused by a sense of moral, political, and industrial decadence, and with steadfast determination, touched by genuine enthusiasm, she accepted Lord Morley's challenge as the voice of opportunity, and the Wai-wu-pu entered upon the negotiations which had been recommended by the Government Council with reference to importation.

Basis of Agreement

The difficulty attending a new convention lay largely in the fact that the Treaty of Tientsin, which legalized the opium traffic, could not be changed without the consent of all the treaty powers, and while there was scarcely a doubt that full consent would be given, the time consumed in gaining it would amount to three or four years, when China's determination might be weakened by the deferred conclusion of the matter. To overcome this difficulty Sir Edward Grey very wisely suggested an agreement with China by which reduction in the exportation from India to all countries could be immediately begun without affecting the treaty. His suggestion forms the basis of the agreement, which reads as follows:

"With effect from the 1st January, 1908, the aggregate volume of exports of opium from India has been limited by an agreement between his Majesty's Government and China to—

61,900 chests in 1908
56,800 " " 1909
51,700 " " 1910

and it has been further agreed that if during these three years the Chinese Government have duly carried out their arrangements for diminishing the production and consumption of opium in China, his Majesty's Government undertake to continue in the same proportion this annual diminution of the export after the three years in question; the restriction of the imports of Turkish, Persian and other opium into China being separately arranged by the Chinese Government and carried out simultaneously. Thus at the end of ten years when the agreement will have produced its full intended effect (by extinguishing a portion of the total trade equal to the average imports of Indian opium into China during the period 1901-5, namely, 51,000 chests a year), the permissible export of Indian opium to countries other than China will stand at a fixed maximum of 16,000 chests yearly."

It is of the greatest importance to notice that the agreement, as stated, affects exports and not imports, and also that the reduction of the quantity sent to China is taken from the exportation to all countries instead of to China alone, as these considerations, apart from the intentions of either England or China, have had a most unfortunate effect upon the crusade. This effect will be discussed later.

China's Record at the End of the Probation Period

The condition requiring China to show in three years what she could do has, in its results, entitled her to the highest praise. The trial period ended December 31, 1910, and a comparison of present conditions with conditions previous to the confirmation of the agreement makes such disclosures as the following:

Many of the twenty-one provinces have ceased cultivation entirely and in all the percentage of decrease is very large. The only way in which we can properly imagine this is to picture the wheat of the North-west, the corn of the Middle West, and the cotton of the South swept from many of the vast tracts they cover as by a cyclone. Add to the picture, if you will, some products of the East, for it must be remembered that the fight with opium has been over an area as great as the United States.

In many places other crops have already taken the place of the poppy and this will be the case over the entire area—a merciful substitution, for the scarcity of food crops in China has made the price of food almost beyond the reach of the miserably poor, while the adjustment of industrial conditions, including rents, leases, credits, and mortgages, has been regulated solely by opium production. The Chinese officials claim that the reduction in cultivation has reached eighty per cent., and enthusiastic individuals claim ninety. The British Consuls acknowledge from twenty-five to forty per cent., and the American Consuls will this year probably name fifty per cent. as a fair estimate. It is unfortunate that China, owing to her previous loose system of accounts, has not been able to determine accurately, as it might be inferred from the articles of prohibition she would determine, the exact amount of reduction, but a disagreement in regard to definite figures is immaterial from a broad viewpoint. Any reduction deserves the highest praise, and a decrease of twenty-five per cent. is a marvel. But a disinterested country fixes fifty per cent., and that means that in the poppy fields of China, whose purple and crimson glory has been the symbol of a people's ruin, a miracle has been wrought. This is prohibition not written in an edict but embodied in a fact. "The time for writing is past," says the Viceroy Tuan Fang. "Let the world see our deeds and judge if we are in earnest in the abolition of opium."

Pronounced activity has been exercised in the closing of the opium dens. In one city seven thousand have been closed, in other cities three thousand, two thousand, or one thousand, while in one hundred thousand market towns the dens and divans have been effectually put out of business. About two million places in all have been closed. Shops neglecting to comply with the conditions of prohibition have been sealed. One wholesale place is said to have suffered the loss of $1,350 a day. The shrinkage in revenue is serious, but the attitude of the Government is that "it will not seek to satisfy its hunger or quench its thirst through this baneful poison, if perchance it may rid its people of a great curse." So the decree is inexorable. Governor Chu, when head of the Anti-Opium Bureau at Soochow and practically in control of the movement in several provinces,

was appealed to in behalf of the "Hong-kong Predicament," whereupon he tendered his sympathy but laughed significantly and said he could do nothing. The "Hong-kong Predicament" is the case of an opium farmer, whose "farm" has been bringing him a yearly income of $600,000, of which he has paid $200,000 to the Government for his monopoly.

One of the most striking evidences of earnestness in the campaign has been the effort of officials to give up the personal use of opium. Some of these, long in thraldom to the habit, have lost their lives in an heroic struggle to free themselves. This tragic note in the reform has not hindered its progress, however, and thousands of high officials have succeeded in abandoning the pipe. Some at first sought temporary protection in deception, but testing bureaus were established, and those found continuing the use of opium were summarily dealt with, regardless of rank and degree.

A public demonstration connected with the general activities has been the burning of opium pipes. When the reform had been in progress about one year, the following report was issued:

"There have been eight burnings of opium and opium fixtures amounting as follows:

Pipes	4,433
Pipe bowls	4,482
Lamps	3,693
Boxes	3,497
Plates	3,620
Needles	8,971
Cooking vessels, large	427
" " small	87
Opium destroyed oz.	3,138
Opium deposits from pipes	577"

In the crowds collected to witness these demonstrations all classes have been represented, a spectacle prophetic of the great development that must come to China when her people, united in a patriotism but now springing into life, take effectively

aggressive measures toward that progress which is the inevitable outcome of public spirit, unity, and initiative.

Difficulties in the Way of Suppression

To realize the magnitude of China's accomplishment, it is necessary to consider some of the difficulties, which have been both Titanic and Satanic. With the poppy to be swept from the fields of every province and almost every district, with a thousand walled cities, a hundred thousand towns, and a million hamlets to be freed from opium, together with the vast stretches of country and the defiles of the mountains where the "blind tiger" lies in wait for his victim, the task of suppression has been stupendous. The reformers have been met in places with hoes and pitchforks, and the law has not been enforced without bloodshed. The physical difficulties alone have been such as we who live in a more highly developed portion of the world can scarcely comprehend. China has few railroads, and in some sections the worst roads on the globe. Into such country the reform had to penetrate. It must not be forgotten also that China is made up of twenty-one semi-independent provinces, besides dependencies, with a separate army, a separate fiscal system, and different manners and customs. In such a disjointed federation as this uniform effort had to be made. One of the greatest obstacles has been the inability, under treaty stipulations, to exercise full control over the sale of opium. Oppressed by the injustice of this position, China, in the International Opium Commission, convened in Shanghai in 1909, began to seek relief from importation. Her action will be considered in a limited account of the Commission.

The Commission Called by the United States

It will be remembered that this first International Commission to study the opium problem was called by President Roosevelt, upon the initiative of Bishop Charles H. Brent, of the Philippines. The countries represented were the United States,

Great Britain, China, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Holland, Italy, Portugal, Japan, Persia, and Siam. It may be asked why the United States took such acute interest as to call this Commission. The answer is a desire to give moral support to China and the consciousness that China's problem affected the general interests of the world and in no small degree our special interests. In taking over the Philippines we took over an opium problem of serious import. Without discussing the salutary programme carried out with regard to excluding opium from our new possessions, it may be stated that the report of the Philippine opium committee, circulating through China, strengthened her desire for reform and brought us into such harmonious relation in this matter as to make it eminently fitting for the United States to follow up her historic attitude of opposition to the opium traffic by taking the initiative for international action.

Aside from the mere question of fitness, however, our course was the result of deep-rooted conviction that the opium trade was entirely out of accord with the processes of civilization, and that the time had come when international action was demanded to protect the world from its influence. No country can protect itself singly against a trade as insistent and remunerative as the opium traffic in its present monstrous proportions. All the laws you want can be made to regulate importation, but as long as exportation is unrestricted, the trade will defy regulation, and any country in which there is a demand for opium will suffer, especially if it has great sea frontage. The only sure protection will be in having some international agreement with reference to exportation that will be in exact accord with the laws respecting importation in the various countries making such laws.

The work of the International Commission was of vast importance in opening up the way for a comprehensive understanding of the great question and more uniform and harmonious action with regard to it. Being a commission for inquiry and not a court for action, its scope was limited, but by comparison of the exhaustive reports of the several countries represented and open discussion of the needs, it was able to formulate recom-

mendations upon which international law can be based. Briefly the resolutions adopted cover the following points:

1. Recognition by the Commission of the sincerity of the Government of China and the progress that has been made in the abolition of opium.

2. A recommendation that each delegation move its own Government to take measures for the gradual suppression of opium smoking in its own territories and possessions.

3. That the International Opium Commission finds that the use of opium in any form otherwise than for medical purposes is held by almost every participating country to be a matter for prohibition or for careful regulation.

4. That the International Opium Commission conceives it to be the duty of all countries to adopt reasonable measures to prevent at ports of departure the shipment of opium, its alkaloids, derivatives, and preparations, to any country which prohibits the entry of any opium, its alkaloids, derivatives, and preparations.

5. Urging upon all Governments such drastic measures to be taken by each as will control the manufacture, sale, and distribution in its territories and possessions of morphine and such other derivatives of opium as appear on scientific inquiry liable to abuse and ill effects.

6. A recommendation that each Government upon its own part take such action as seems necessary to investigate scientifically anti-opium remedies and the properties and effects of opium and its products.

7. Urging upon all Governments possessing concessions or settlements in China to take effective action toward the closing of opium divans in the said concessions and settlements.

8. A strong recommendation that each delegation move its Government to enter into negotiations with the Chinese Government for effective and prompt measures to prohibit the trade and manufacture of such anti-opium remedies as contain opium or its derivatives in the settlements in China.

9. A recommendation that each delegation move its Government to apply its pharmacy laws to its subjects in the consular districts, concessions and settlements in China.

These resolutions were not all passed without a struggle. Treaty rights formed the great obstacle, and to deal squarely with the situation under the embarrassment of this issue called for the exercise of unusual diplomacy. It is fair to state that the success attained was due in large measure to Dr. Hamilton Wright, representing the United States, and his Excellency, Tang Kuo-an, representing China. Their statesmanship, tact, and broad-mindedness in more than one case saved the situation.

Mr. Tang's speech at the opening of the Commission, which has since circulated largely, is generally conceded to be a most remarkable utterance. In this able presentment of the Chinese position, Mr. Tang stated that China had entered into an agreement to abolish opium in ten years, deeming that better than any indefinite period and not knowing what the outcome of her efforts would be. But her people had coöperated beyond expectation and were clamoring for complete suppression. That being so, the leaders were afraid not to take success at the flood, apprehending the loss of everything in the backward flow of the tide.

In view of this condition a resolution was offered in the Commission to the effect "that the importation of opium into China be reduced *pari passu* with the reduction of the cultivation of the poppy within her own borders"; but England declined to enter into such an agreement. Since that time, however, her statesmen have come to a fuller realization of China's earnestness, and seeing that the traffic can be successfully abolished, they have determined to take more speedy steps to abolish it. A modification of the ten-year agreement signed at Peking on May 8, of this year, embraces the concession requested by China in the Shanghai Commission, that is, to reduce importation step by step with her reduction in cultivation, the amount of reduction in cultivation to be determined by a British agent. Great Britain also agrees to a triple increase in the import tax on opium, and China agrees to certain relief measures in regard to the large amount of opium now at ports of entry. In the opinion of a great many, immediate total cessation of the trade was the thing to be sought; but the *pari-passu* agreement, aside

from the more material consideration of giving time for financial and industrial adjustments, has the advantage of keeping China stimulated to her present high efforts in suppressing domestic cultivation.

This recent action on the part of England was prophesied by Dr. Hamilton Wright, in his speech in the International Opium Commission. Referring to the action of the British Government in voluntarily freeing the slaves in British colonies and charging the imperial budget with a sum something like fifteen times the amount involved in the Indian opium trade, the opium farms of Hong-kong, the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States, and Ceylon, he called attention to a repetition of history in the beginning of an effort on the part of England to extinguish the opium trade at great loss to herself, and said: "The American people believe that Great Britain will defend herself against the criticism of all right-minded people by replacing her opium revenue, sacrificing it mayhap, and by sacrificing dual agreements and obsolete treaties, as she sacrifices and sends to the scrap heap an obsolete class of battleships that are of no further use to defend her extensive interests." It was unthinkable that England would sacrifice so much to abolish one great evil and not be willing, when the way became clear, to sacrifice less to abolish another. As the London *Times*, commenting upon the agreement, says: "If China really succeeds in extinguishing the production of opium within her borders, it becomes manifestly impossible to continue the Indian trade another day."

Last December the General Assembly of China passed a law to stop the growth of the poppy entirely this year. Though the actual result may not measure fully up to the law, it is hoped that the cultivation and both the foreign and domestic trade will be cut off within two years. The interprovincial trade in native opium will come to an end this year. After the Sixth Moon (July 19) the tax offices will be closed, the Tuchi-pu (Board of Finance) having agreed to give up all revenue on native opium, an annual loss of nearly $44,000,000. Strenuous efforts will continue to be made to stop smoking. There has already been a reduction made in the habit of about forty per cent., but of

course smoking will not stop entirely until some time after the trade, both foreign and domestic, has been fully cut off.

Results of the Ten-Year Agreement

To return to the ten-year agreement, the unfortunate part is that it has defeated its purpose with reference to importation. The amount of exportation was upon a basis of 51,000 chests, as has been stated, but the reduction of ten per cent., or 5,100 chests, was to be made from the average amount shipped to all countries, not to China alone. That being done, 16,000 chests were to be sent to other countries and the balance to China. In the working out of this loose arrangement much of the opium contained in the 16,000 chests intended for other countries reaches China, and the importation, instead of being reduced, has averaged about 3,000 chests yearly more than the average importation before the agreement was made. This was inevitable, for, since China's great reduction in cultivation, it is profitable to force as much as possible into her ports. Not only so, but the merchants of Hong-kong, foreseeing the rise in price, have held most of the large stock they had on hand when the agreement was made, intending to pour this into the Chinese market when the price has reached the topmost notch. The net opium revenue of the Indian Government rose from £3,571,948 in 1907-8 to £4,420,600 in 1909-10, a gain of £848,652, or about $4,000,000. The last fiscal report from Calcutta states that the opium revenue for the past year has been £7,660,000, or £3,000,000 more than the estimated budget for the year. The total opium revenue of India from trade with China in the past three years, owing to the rise in price, has exceeded the amount expected in ten years. Opium is selling in China at four, five, and six times its normal value, and in a few cases has shot up to thirteen times the usual price. In some places it is selling at two-and-a-half times its weight in silver. This fabulous valuation is a great temptation to native growers, and has made it difficult for China to withstand the revenue arguments that have been pressing her as such arguments have been pressing England.

The recent modification of the ten-year agreement includes a provision to prevent more opium from going into China than the agreement calls for, and hereafter shipments sent from India to China will bear a special label, be admitted only at certain ports, and be subject to inspection by Chinese officials.

The Great Economic Gain to Both India and China

Until industrial conditions have been readjusted, the financial loss from opium will be felt, especially in China; but both China and India will be tremendously benefited when the necessary adjustments have been made. The Indian growers have long been forced to borrow from the Government yearly a sum sufficient to raise the poppy crop. The raising of a larger food crop is needed in India as in China, and the release of the capital, land and labor that have been devoted to poppy cultivation will have valuable results. The loss on opium will be from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 annually, and the British Government is generous in arranging for the final relinquishment of so much, but this loss to the Government of India will be amply compensated for in the bettered condition of the people of India when more important interests have superseded opium production and trade.

The aggregate yearly loss in opium revenue to the Chinese Government will be about $50,000,000, but China has estimated the result of abandoning the trade somewhat as follows: Gain to the people of a total annual expenditure in cash for opium of $151,875,000. The yield from land given up to the poppy when planted in wheat, cotton, and other useful crops, at least $91,525,000, which, added to the expenditure for opium, means an annual saving of $243,400,000. The average earning capacity of non-opium smoking Chinese is about twenty-eight cents a day. The lowest estimate for loss of capacity from the use of opium is one-fourth, or seven cents a day. As there are (or were before the beginning of the reform) something like 25,000,000 male opium smokers in China, this will mean an annual saving of $547,750,000. Added to this financial summing up is the desire to develop according to the vast possibilities of this remarkable country. With opium no longer sap-

ping the life of her people and claiming their paltry earnings, China feels that she might have a chance to develop as Japan has developed. The imports of China are at present fifty-eight cents per capita, while those of Japan are three dollars and eighty cents, nearly seven times as much. If the world sold to China as much per capita as to Japan it would receive annually $1,520,000,000 from this source.

The World's Interest in the Development of China

The question of developing China's resources and thereby increasing her power to produce and to spend is a matter in which the whole world is interested, for the trade of China is the future trade of the East and its expansion will be in exact proportion to the increased earning capacity and the increased manhood and ambition of China's millions. Opium is now seven and a half per cent. of Chinese imports, and it requires no mathematical genius to estimate how long it will be before this is replaced by cotton fabric, food stuffs, iron and steel, machinery, and innumerable sundries, nor how high will be the percentage of increase in the purchasing power under the industrial expansion that must follow the abolition of opium.

The Hague Conference

When the Commission in Shanghai adjourned nothing had been decided as to further international action, but a tacit understanding existed that a subsequent conference would take up the resolutions passed by the Commission in an effort to conventionalize them. Our Government, by diplomatic correspondence, has arranged such a conference, to convene at The Hague early this autumn. All the powers represented at Shanghai will take part in the deliberations of this body. It is one of the vital facts of the century that international law is taking up this great moral question. Universal good is bound to result, and we may hope that the end of the opium traffic everywhere in the world, except for medicinal uses, is in sight, and that China, with the curse no longer resting upon her, will rise above the past and take no

uncertain part "in the unfolding drama of the great world process."

The Peking Agreement

The following is a *précis* of the opium agreement signed in Peking by Sir John Jordan and the Wai-wu-pu, May 8, 1911:

ARTICLE I. China shall diminish annually during the next seven years the production of native opium in the same proportion as the annual export from India is diminished.

ARTICLE II. China having adopted a rigorous policy for prohibiting the production, transport, and smoking of native opium, the British Government agrees that the export of opium from India shall cease in less than seven years if proof is given that the production of native opium has completely ceased.

ARTICLE III. The British Government agrees that Indian opium shall not be conveyed to any province of China which has effectively suppressed the cultivation and import of native opium. It is understood, however, that the closing of the ports of Canton and Shanghai to the import of Indian opium shall only take effect as a final step for the completion of the above measure.

ARTICLE IV. During the period of the agreement the British Government is permitted to obtain continuous evidence of the diminution of cultivation by local inquiries conducted by British officials.

ARTICLE V. China may dispatch an official to India to watch the opium sales and the packing of opium, but without any power of interference.

ARTICLE VI. The British Government consents to the increase of the present duty to 350 taels per chest, the increase taking effect simultaneously with the imposition of an equivalent excise tax on native opium.

ARTICLE VII. So long as the additional article of the Chifu agreement is in force, China will withdraw all restrictions now placed on the wholesale trade in Indian opium in the provinces. The foregoing articles shall not derogate from the force of laws published, or hereafter to be published, by China to suppress the smoking of opium and to regulate the retail trade.

ARTICLE VIII. During 1911 the Indian Government will issue export permits for 30,600 chests, progressively reducing the number until the extinction of the export trade in 1917. Each chest so certified may be imported into any treaty port in China.

ARTICLE IX. This agreement may be revised at any time by mutual consent.

ARTICLE X. The agreement comes into force on the date on which it is signed.

TRYPHENA JANE'S REVOLT

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

DAN TRENOWDEN was not in a May mood. The Cornish sun dazzled his eyes as he walked up the narrow street to his home. The birds sang cheerily, but neither the warmth nor the joy in nature found a response in his heart. He was pulling at his pipe though he did not realize it had gone out. His eyes were lowered and his large face bore the expression of a man struggling with fate. Precision and extreme cleanliness marked his whole bearing. "The devil would never show black in his daily work, if he was a gentleman," he often declared; "then why a sweep?" He wore white overalls when going only from a house in one street to a cottage round the corner of another. His boots were always so polished that a casual observer might imagine that he combined the advertising of a well-known blacking with his ordinary profession. When he wore shoes instead of boots it was evident that he carried cleanliness to an extreme. He favored home-knitted white socks, except on Sunday, when he wore navy-blue ones. "A sweep should be the cleanest man alive," he declared, "both inside and out, because he has to fight dirt at all times and in all places." Even mud was a foe to be tactfully avoided. He picked his way carefully as he walked and always had a clean collar on his well-washed flannel shirt.

Dan Trenowden's profession was an art to him. He understood chimneys as a doctor ought to understand bodies. They had constitutions, he said, which wanted patient study. No two chimneys were alike, he declared, though they might seem so. They all wanted different management. Few smoky chimneys long resisted his careful investigations. "Build two feet on one and lower another," he said, "and you often give new life to a chimney. It's the same as you'd encourage a man who was down on his luck and—yes, he might as well say it as think it—same as you'd subdue a woman when she gets too 'kitey.' To build up one flue and widen another, to plaster

up a bit here and open out a couple of inches there was giving a chance to the lungs of a chimney. Being clogged with soot might cause a fever in the shape of a serious fire."

He was working out in his mind a plan for a rebellious case as he walked home. He had been out since six and it was now nearly twelve, his dinner hour. A sigh, which was almost a groan, escaped him as he neared his house. In a dim way he was trying to solve a far more intricate matter than chimneys. The understanding of them had come easy to him, even as an apprentice. He had initiated his master into many little discoveries he had made for himself while learning his trade. His master had told him jokingly one day, that if he got to understand women as well as he understood chimneys, he would be the godsend of most of the married men round about. Dan said his mother had none of the defects of wayward chimneys and he expected all women were much of a muchness. Dan knew better now. He was growing to realize that he would probably always remain a mere apprentice in this difficult matter. There were no books to guide him and as far as he could make out all the men he knew were as muddled as he was. Those who bragged the most about their knowledge of women seemed to know even less than he did, for at any rate he had learnt they were " unbeknown pixies " and not " responsible at all times," whether their moods happened to be those of devils or angels. What he never could find out was the " central draught " in a woman. He felt certain it was some small thing that the whole make of her hung on, as it was with chimneys, but so far he had not " compassed " it.

As he knocked his boots sideways against the curb, to clean off a possibility of mud, his face grew more serious and his pipe was slipped into his waistcoat pocket, the black stem leaning against his white drill waistcoat. His broad figure seemed to take up nearly all the space in the narrow passage as he took off his boots and slipped his feet into a pair of green canvas slippers. He drew these from the bottom of a little umbrella stand which was never used for anything but the slippers and one walking stick which Dan used every Sunday afternoon when he went to see his crippled nephew.

"Come on, come on, dinner's ready," yelled a treble voice as Dan flicked from his sleeve a tiny bit of mud no bigger than a pin's head.

"Oh! my bones and buttons! Hurry up, hurry up." This was followed immediately by a great smacking of lips and a wild laugh. Dan opened the door whence the voice proceeded and by way of reply whistled a chime of wedding bells which got an immediate response in a higher key. The room he entered was a kitchen. A bright fire blazed in the "slab." The roaring sound from it proclaimed that the prophet of good chimney sweeping was not dishonored in his own house. He looked round the room, opened the oven door, sniffed at the contents on the top shelf, which he drew forward, having carefully protected his thumb and forefinger with his red handkerchief with white spots. He closed the door with a sigh.

"Hurry up!" screamed Dan's parrot. A laugh, and a noise like the smacking of lips, again followed the remark. Dan went over to the bird's cage and scratched the bent head of the parrot.

"What a lark!" cried the parrot.

"Hold your noise," retorted Dan.

The sweep looked round the little kitchen and then at the table laid half way across for one. If he had so chosen he could have eaten his dinner from the other half, without tablecloth or plate, for it was scrubbed to a beautiful toning with the light brown of the pasty. Dan took off his long-sleeved waistcoat and hung it behind the door, before he went into an inner scullery, where he washed his hands and "sluiced" his face and head. He then held a little looking-glass before his serious face with one hand while he carefully parted his thin wet hair with the other.

"Oh! Goodness!" from the parrot made him peer into the kitchen, comb in hand, and cry "varmint!"

"Downstairs!" yelled the parrot. Dan stamped his foot and made a face at the parrot as he turned to go back into the scullery.

"The bird be too knowable by half," he muttered. "No wonder uplongs come to hear she talk and reason." He can-

didly acknowledged to his mates that his " parrot was not understandable to men folkses. It's women she do take to and if she could say all that's in her she might be a guide to the mending or marring of men's lives." The parrot and Dan had been housemates for seventeen years and she had been his " standby " on many lonely nights. His mother died in peace because Dan had promised her that he would look up a likely woman to keep him and the parrot company. She had impressed on him that it was just as important for him to choose a wife who would love the parrot and be loved by her as it was that she should be able to cook, darn and attend to a man generally.

" Don't never take to your bosom, my son, a woman what hates cats and birds, for it would be like hating her own make-up."

Dan had gone steadily to work to find a wife, in the same spirit that he would search the town if he needed a special cowl for a particularly stubborn chimney. He kept a wary eye at all the houses he visited, but for a long time he had not found anything which seemed in the least like his mother. A cook, in one place, was very kind to him and he wondered if she would suit him. One day, however, he saw her drop some kidneys on the floor and put them on the grill without washing them, as she declared, " they'm good enough for that lot," pointing upstairs. That was as unlike his mother as anything could be. The wastefulness of the servants at the houses he visited kept him from courting any of the offenders. " Mother never wasted a crumble," he told one cook who laughed at his scruples. " When, by the oven being thin, she burnt the bread a bit she made we eat it 'cause she said burnt crusties made the breath sweet." While Dan was having lunch at one house the servant drew off water from the boiler and made his tea with it. Dan pretended to take no notice, but there was possibly a draw missed in the marriage lottery that day. He knew what a " chancey " thing marriage was. It meant a rope to hang a man or a cosy corner for life. Dan was bent on the cosy corner. The women with holes in their stockings and jumps and jerks in their daily work, as he expressed it, he was determined to avoid. Those

who were always "catching up their work" kept a man in a fever most of the day and had all things "slatterly" again before night time. He had no leanings, on the other hand, toward women who let everything get "soured and mucky" before they had the heart and nerve to clean. A seemly worker had everything in its place and cleared and cleaned as she went on, his mother had often said.

An accident brought the decisive moment and the right woman. Dan was sweeping a chimney in a lady's bedroom when her canary got out of its cage. There was a hurried hunt by Dan and the housemaid. In the scrimmage the canary became wedged between a box and the wardrobe, and its leg was broken. The comforting of the terror-stricken girl led to revelations. She was a passionate lover of birds, and in order to keep and please her the lady had given up cats and kept birds instead. "I can work my fingers sore if he do sing," sobbed the girl. Dan looked into her sweet young face and then at her slight, graceful figure. He wiped his sooty right hand very slowly on his big white apron and looked on the floor thoughtfully as he did so. Then he slowly wiped the other hand and took the canary gently from the girl's trembling fingers.

"That can be mended," he said, smiling softly into the girl's face. "Give me a match and some thin thread."

In less than ten minutes the canary's leg was set and the girl had ceased crying. And in less than ten minutes Dan had made up his mind.

"A woman's tears do always make me whishe, sure enough," he muttered. "I never saw mother cry but once and that was when father passed, and seemly, ever since then, a female weeping do give me the same sort of feeling as the crucifixion when I ponder upon it on a Sabbath day."

"Lor!" said the housemaid, looking at Dan as if she had seen him for the first time.

"Have you a fancy for parrots?" asked Dan.

"I do dearly love to hear them talk, but I've only seen them at shows," she answered, "and then I suppose they've got on their company manners."

"My parrot badly wants a missis," said Dan.

The girl thought he was going to make her a present of a parrot and said:

"I'd dearly love to have one, but if it talked much it would disturb my mistress."

"You will have to go to she," responded Dan. "It'll be a case of both of us, you know. We can't separate."

The housemaid looked at Dan and Dan looked at her.

"Your name, being so bold?" queried Dan.

"Mary," said the girl simply.

"Your age, if you please?" asked Dan kindly as he looked into her eyes.

"Twenty-five," answered Mary wonderingly.

"And I be thirty," said Dan. "We shall get on like the tick of a clock," he continued. He was smiling as he spoke. Dan's smile was one which slowly lighted up his large face and gave dignity to his firm mouth and broad chin.

"Mother and me never had no warfare," said Dan. "The parrot's chatter you'll like, I know. She's a homely bird and we three will hang together like bricks and mortar."

"What three?" cried the girl, not comprehending the relieved look of the man before her.

"The parrot and me be one," continued Dan slowly, "and you'll be the other, of course."

That was all Dan's courting. It came about as naturally that the canary and the parrot and Dan and Mary should set up house together as it did for a west wind to follow an east wind and for day to follow night.

"It is mother over again," said Dan to his old aunt just before the wedding; "only mother afore I was thought on."

It was a momentous day when Dan took Mary to see the parrot. He confessed to her afterwards that "a stream of sweat" ran down his back when the great meeting took place. The parrot screamed and laughed, "fit to kill herself," when Dan timidly approached the cage with Mary hiding behind his broad back. There had been a whispered conference in the little passage and Mary had taken off her boots and glided, in her stockinged feet, into the kitchen, so that the parrot should not guess she was there. They advanced very cautiously toward

the cage, Mary holding on to Dan's coat from behind and stooping low so that her gentle face and slight figure should not be seen. They both fell back when the parrot yelled, "You've done it! Hip, pip, hurrah!"

"My!" cried Mary.

"That's nothing," said Dan solemnly as he led Mary into the passage again amid the wild shrieks and laughter of the bird. Dan confided to Mary, in solemn whispers, that Sapphira was a very queer bird and seemed to have second sight. Sapphira, Dan said, was called after her Biblical namesake because the whole object of her existence seemed to be to tell the most horrible lies and to create mischief. There seemed such reasoning behind her impish remarks that now and again Dan was quite bewildered when he discovered her as an occasional peacemaker instead of a mischief-maker. Sapphira had an ugly way of calling people names. Because Dan's mother had in fun called her son "bald pate" when his hair grew thin, it was hurled at him whenever he vexed Sapphira. At the time of the elections she would scream "up with Laurie," the Tory candidate, and nothing would induce her to call the Liberal candidate's name, though Dan had spent a good hour trying to teach it her. She only ate the "tasties" Dan gave her with a twinkle in her eye and called "Laurie" louder than ever.

"Even a parrot gets not exactly over politics," said Dan. "All my teaching be of no value by the side of a youngster in the street yelling the Tory's name while Sapphira was out in the sun in the back yard." He warned Mary that it might be possible that Sapphira would tell his wife tales behind his back, but she must understand that the bird was "fancical" and not to be relied on always. Mary was not going to listen to parrot's tales, she said, about her dear Dan, so he might rest content on that. When they returned to the kitchen they felt a little creepy when the parrot screamed, "Sneak, sneak," followed by a piercing whistle of wedding bells.

"Now, my dear," whispered Dan to Mary, "do you call that reasoning or accident?"

Mary declared it was second sight like a witch had and they had better mind what they said and what they did. To Dan's

relief the parrot not only loved Mary at sight but soon loved her better than she loved Dan. Mary had gentle and caressing ways with her that Dan could only wonder at and reverence. The parrot took them as a matter of course, as she took her seed and water. She put her head on one side and looked at Mary out of her beady eyes when she talked "baby talk" to the bird. "Mother's pretty top-knot, her little sweetheart, her handsome chick-a-biddy, her bright-eyed jewel," kept the wily Sapphira in the best of spirits. The parrot seemed almost to wink at Dan when Mary "talked silly" to her, as Dan put it. Sapphira grew to love Dan's wife so much that she was never quite happy when Mary was out of the room or house. She often showed distinct signs of jealousy of Dan. When he lingered sometimes, before starting for his work, Sapphira would scream, "Chuck it, Dan. Hurry up! House on fire." When Dan kissed Mary it seemed to annoy Sapphira past endurance. She would make a noise like the loud drawing of a cork, and make it so uncomfortable for Dan and Mary that it became a habit, at last, for them always to say good-bye at the front door. But Sapphira knew all about that. When Mary came back to the kitchen the parrot saluted her with "Tut, tut, tut," or with loud peals of laughter.

One day, however, Sapphira's happiness got a check. There was confusion in the little house and much coming and going. When Dan came home hurriedly, after receiving a wire at the big house, where he was to be all day, he went into the kitchen to put down his brushes and hang up his cap, before going upstairs. Sapphira's wings were drooping and her head was sideways as her keen eyes caught sight of her master.

"Bald head, sure enough," she cried.

Dan started. Dr. Ashe came into the kitchen just then and told him he had a son and he instinctively glanced at the shining head of the kindly medical man and asked timidly if the boy had hair. The doctor thought it a strange question to ask, but told him that the child had scarcely any hair and in fact was unusually bald. Sapphira's fiendish laugh made both men start and Dan for the first time in his life gave utterance to an oath.

"Blast the scurvy owl," he said.

"Owl! Owl!" yelled Sapphira. "Hold your hair on, do."

"Valuable bird, that," said the doctor.

"'Tain't a bird at all times," muttered Dan ruefully. "It's a—a—" He looked round nervously at Sapphira as she impatiently knocked her beak against the cage and then opened her mouth wide as if to show her round tongue "blackened with lies," so Dan declared.

"Mary's chick-a-biddy," said the parrot.

This immediately sent Dan upstairs to see his wife. Dan touched the little curled-up fingers of his son as if they would break.

"Perfect, sure enough," he muttered, "nails and all complete. It's miracle work," he added as he stooped to kiss Mary. "I shall never feel the same again, my dear, after this," he continued, smoothing the baby's bald head gently with the back of his forefinger. "Gosh! how he do drink! You'd think he was learnt all about it afore he got here. Chimneys have taken the third place now in my estimation, by the side of you and this lightning conductor. My! what wrinkles he have got and no troubles to speak on like you and me."

Mary said she felt very tired but so happy she believed she must be purring.

Dan's wife never recovered from the birth and death of the boy. "Little bald pate," as his father lovingly called him, had been seriously handicapped at the outset and Mary, thirteen weeks after her child died, got a serious chill which developed into pneumonia and she was soon gone. Dan nursed her night and day with the quiet doggedness characteristic of him. He gave up all his work, as chimneys were one thing and Mary another, he argued. He never failed her. Her least wish was law to Dan and he got into the way of making three hours' sleep a night suffice him. He fought death as he fought soot, but this time he was "beatened." He could not save his Mary.

"They'm jealous up above, we're told," he argued, when he could collect his wits and think at all. "The likes of we can't calculate the likes of she nor the meaning of they up atop. The Lord's will be past finding out, I reckon, but whoever had a hand

in the make-up of Mary can be trusted with the end of we, I'm thinking."

Sapphira's cage was by Mary's bed to the last and Dan was afraid the bird was going, too, for she lost all her spirit. The day Mary was buried Dan "gave up, like a thing." He let no one touch his wife. He lifted her reverently into her coffin with a strange feeling that he was dead himself. He could not "compass it." Clean man as he was, he never washed his hands for hours after touching her cold forehead. In a dull sort of way he felt there was nothing left for him but to die, too. He was glad it rained so. No damping Cornish mist, but such a downpour as had rarely been seen. Dan was glad, for it kept the gaping crowds at home. He would have hated the sun to shine. It would have hurt like a knife. "Blessed be the corpse the rain pours on," said Dan, as he carried the narrow coffin downstairs with Bill Thomas, who always had a tender spot for Dan's "missis."

"She was most like a wild wood anemone, mate," said Bill, as he looked in Dan's grief-stricken face. "They'm wonderful to look upon and faces the wind brave enough, but anybody can see they'm unearthly, in a manner of speaking."

"Yes," answered Dan, "they face the first sun but don't stay for no summer, and they'd make no headway in autumn, much less winter. Best she than me if one of us had to pass. I can face it and go like mad for chimneys again, but she would have quailed before this rending apart. If I'd gone and left she I'd have never behaved myself even in heaven. It's best as it is. She and the little chap be safe and after all, this world be a wilderness, we're told."

"Take another missis, dear," Mary had said again and again to Dan when she knew she must leave him. "I can't die in peace unless I know someone will tend you and joke with you. Sapphira be human like you and me, but she won't suffice no more once you've had me and the child. Take another missis if I'm to rest in peace."

Dan, with quiet patience, cleaned up the house after the funeral, paid for the coffin and the grave, gave orders for a tombstone more appropriate for a county magnate than his

simple Mary, and then sat down to consider the situation. He had denied his wife nothing while she lived and he knew he could not refuse to fulfil her last wish. But what could he do?

"Best drown myself, I reckon," he muttered, and Sapphira yelled in response, in Mary's voice, "Take another missis, Dan." Love had overtaken him before he was aware of it and Love had left him, just as he had got used to its bewildering deliciousness. He had meant to have a cosy corner, he had always said, and Mary had brought into that corner a strange peace and happiness he was only realizing fully now that it had left him. But had it left him? He sat wondering about these things in the long, lonely nights. Mary seemed to be very near him somehow. He felt less sad by the fire with Sapphira than when a friend came in to cheer him up. It took him nearly all his spare time to keep the house neat and clean like Mary had it. He changed his waistcoat and coat and put on a clean collar when he came in as if his wife was by his side as he ate his supper. As he prayed he wondered if she knew how lonely he was and then he suddenly hoped she did not know, as it might spoil heaven a bit for her and there was no sense in that, he argued. Better bide his time. The idea, once in his brain, that Mary might worry over him, took possession of him and he tried to make up his mind to marry again and soon. He had generally only thought of the dead in the churchyard and had felt vaguely that his mother knew when he put flowers on her grave. Now he began to wonder if the dead were even nearer than that, like the wind was near though you could not see it.

What intensified this idea of his was the strange conduct of Sapphira. He was certain she saw things he could not see. Sometimes, when they were quite quiet he noticed her feathers stand up and her keen, bead-like eyes grow more intent and fix themselves on one spot for a long time. He grew more and more uneasy when Sapphira repeated again and again, with feathers erect and in that peculiarly gentle voice he knew so well, "Take a missis, Dan dear, take a missis." What did it mean? He had heard people say the dead could not rest if their wishes were unfulfilled. What was he to do? It made

him icy cold to think of it all and even on warm nights he often got up shivering to see if the door was shut and the window fastened. It was all very odd and he wished he knew something about other things besides chimneys. Sapphira had lost nearly all her spirit and he certainly was losing his. Dan thought once the bird was in a fit and she rarely laughed and never called for her bath. Was she going to die and if so, what should he do then? Surely, even the birds outside did not sing the same as when Mary was alive and nothing, he noticed, seemed really happy like they did once.

He thought over the two years of their married life. How very sweet she was! There was a "tripetty" bend in her way of walking that sometimes made him quite faint with longing to kiss her when he watched her picking her way through the lanes or going into chapel. It was at one with her sweet smile which somehow seemed all over her, even in her hands, if you watched them close enough. Dan only realized, when he saw Mary dead, how much a part of herself her smile was. Had he never seen her without it, he wondered, or had Death just turned her stiff and cold like most folkses seemed to be even when they were alive? He left the death chamber hurriedly, after his first unconscious realization of this, for he argued, in his quaint way, that as Mary hated him to come home and find her in a torn dress or in one a bit soiled she would dislike it much more if he saw her now, with all her smile gone. The beautiful coils of hair seemed the only testimony to the witchery and charm that had made Dan wholly hers. As he wet a corner of his handkerchief and gently wiped away the clammy moisture from the corners of the closed eyes he knew that all the earth could give him or heaven take away would count as very little with him after this. He supposed he must have loved her very much, but he had never thought about it. All he knew was that he would rather do what she wanted, however slight it was, than anything else he could think of. When the boy was first coming he had not found it a bit hard to give up tobacco, though he never "made use of" much of it as it "minded him of soot." That it made Mary sick showed him what nasty stuff it was. He tried to smoke again after she died in order

to cheer himself, but his pipe tasted "rancerous and bitter, like a thing." For the first time in his life he took a tonic, a bitter, evil-smelling liquid the kindly doctor gave him.

"It may fortify the system," said Dan to one of his mates, "but a feller would need to take another bottle to clean out the flues afterwards." The tonic, however, so strengthened his nervous system that he definitely made up his mind to marry again. He had found favor in the eyes of nearly all the local women because of his devotion to Mary and also because it was well known that he had saved "a pile of money." He could easily earn from twelve to fifteen shillings a day at sweeping chimneys and in these times, when the price of a loaf was as uncertain as the state of the weather, it was no small standby to be sure of three or four pounds a week, with a man who never grumbled at his meals, thrown in. Dan was too weary and sad to realize that this time it was he who was the wooed. A "seemly and staid" woman of about thirty-five made, what her rivals considered, "a frantic dash" for Dan when she realized how matters stood. She had confided to her mother that, in her observation of men and things, widowers must be "took on the hop or not at all. Let 'em slew down and they'll stay in the same rut to the end of their days, but catch 'em lonely and a bit homesick over what's gone and there you are! Dan Trenowden and his sort be more helpless when they'm left alone, if they've had a good mother like he had and a wife like Mary, than if they'd been browbeaten same as Nathan Treweeke, as a youngster, and henpecked later on like Matthew Bennett."

Tryphena Jane Hocking further confided to her mother that Mary was a delicate, winsome morsel, but so soft and clinging that she would believe her right hand was her left if Dan told her so. She had confided to Tryphena herself, once, that she had asked Dan what books he would like her to read. Tryphena Jane tossed her head as she told this story and added that at any rate Dan was man enough to tell Mary she might as well ask the parrot what to read as ask him. Except for *The Dialogue of Devils* and *The Pilgrim's Progress,* he had never had a stomach for books beyond the wish to write one

himself on *Chimneys and their Errors*, but he could not trust his spelling enough to begin. As for Tryphena Jane, it was well known in the village that she had a leaning toward literature in general, for she took in *Woman's Chatter* and *The Fashionable Herald*.

It was apparent to even a casual eye that Tryphena Jane Hocking was bent on marrying Dan Trenowden. Even Dan himself began to feel "a bit like a rabbit in a gin"; but he was too tired to argue or protest. What did anything matter one way or another? As Mary was not in the running was not one woman as good as another? Best make a bolt for it and have done with this shilly-shallying. Even hanging was better over than continually in front of a man. He tried to put Mary out of his head. In a dim way he realized that it was best to be off with the old love now he was destined to be on with a new. But the old love remained fixed in his heart. He confided to Tryphena Jane, after they were married, that he never could think of Mary as dead but only as waiting somewhere and that he hoped in heaven the three of them would be part and parcel of one another in some way the Almighty might know how to fix up. Tryphena Jane's blue eyes met his rather angrily.

"That's stuff and nonsense," she said, "and worse than Mormon's jargon. You'm a real fool in some things, Dan, though wiser than some in others. I can't deny I took to you mostly because you was such a good man to Mary, but there let it end. I've my place now same as she had hers, but don't let us try to mix them. A living woman be worth two dead ones, thanks be. There be no marriage nor yet giving in marriage in heaven, we're told. There we shall be tended by angels and have no need the one of the other."

"That depends," answered Dan slowly, feeling heaven was scarcely worth while on those terms. "Seems to me love ain't going to be shoved aside, even by angels, for I don't see what call they'd have to discountenance it, considering we're told plain enough it's the make-up of God Himself."

Tryphena Jane said it was one thing what was told you and another thing what you could make use of.

"Anyway," said Dan slowly, "whatever we know or don't

know about up atop, this much I do know for certain and that is that what loves me must love Mary. As for heaven, as I said afore, angels and harps and clouds of glory and them things would be only makeshifts to me if I didn't hear Mary's slumberous voice and catch the sweet laugh of she." As Dan caught Tryphena Jane's eyes he felt, in a stupid way, that he had only made things worse. The more he talked of Mary the more Tryphena Jane scoffed and sneered and argued about votes for women and what Dan called "tawdry blither." When he saw he had vexed her again he checked an irritable sigh and chucked Tryphena Jane under the chin.

"Cheer up, woman," he said. "I didn't mean to offend you."

All might have ended well on that particular afternoon if the parrot had not laughed and screamed and ended by yelling "Mary's saucy boy."

"Does that parrot love me or your blessed Mary best?" queried Tryphena Jane, glaring at Dan.

"God knows," answered Dan wearily.

"You know right enough, but you won't say," retorted Tryphena Jane.

"Best ask her," growled Dan. "She'm wily enough to lie, as her name will tell you, or maybe she'll tell you the truth by chance."

"Mother's angel!" yelled the parrot.

"I taught her that," cried Tryphena Jane triumphantly.

"Maybe that's your answer," said Dan moodily, as he spliced some thin rope with which to mend one of his brushes. From that day Tryphena Jane was the parrot's slave.

Dan grew daily more miserable and Tryphena Jane more distant and morose. The parrot alone seemed to find any joy in life, for her new mistress gave her all she asked for and spent hours caressing and talking to Sapphira.

Things had come to a climax at last. For a whole week Dan had returned home and found his meals laid for him alone. Pride had kept him from asking the reason, though a rumor had reached his ears that Tryphena Jane had leanings to queer notions. If a woman had a bit of money of her own, she had

said, she ought to show a man his place and not make too free with men till they were " cowed " into giving women their lawful rights. He supposed this was what was the matter with Tryphena Jane now. Evidently the little downstairs parlor was used by her as a harbor of refuge from Dan, but now that Sapphira was often kept there, too, matters began to look serious. Words were of little use, he knew, till he had squared up the thing in his mind. When he wanted to tackle a smoky chimney he kept quiet over it and turned it over and over in his brain and never got rested till he had cured it. A good plan, Dan had found, was to think over a difficulty as he fell asleep and when he awoke he often had the whole concern as " clear as crystal " in his mind. He was determined to find a remedy in this dilemma, though he had only the general line of conduct of his mother and Mary to go on. Dan had rarely heard men talk about their women. His reserved and secretive nature had saved him from the vulgar jokes and gibes of the men he knew. His trade kept him more or less apart from his fellows, so that the little he had heard from his mates merely helped to confuse his brain. Jan Peters told him once he kept his wife in her place with his bootsole, and his brats, too. Women were no manner of use, he informed Dan, with rights and wrongs. Once they begin that sort of nonsense they might as well have the vote and the rest of it and then where would things be, he should like to ask? They would be more " tom-fuzzled " than ever. Politics, he further declared, were well enough to pass the time with and when they were hot and strong, as in a general election, they were more exciting than betting on horses; but if women got mixed up in politics heaven help the nation, for they would take them seriously, like their babies, and then what the deuce would become of the country, he should like to know? Dan's mate gulped down his third glass of beer at the bare thought of such a catastrophe. " Look out, old chap," he had added, " I saw your missis last Wednesday afternoon listening to them suffragettes. Before you know where you are she'll have cut her hair short and be cooking your dinner with an ivory button on her chest with ' Votes for women ' on it. Them varmints, when once they're given an inch, will jolly well take

the whole country. They want good husbands to kick them about a bit and look well after them and that's about all that is the matter with them."

"Kicking be a beastly, measly trade," retorted Dan.

"Being governed by women be a darned sight uglier one," retorted Dan's mate meaningly.

Dan had listened and said little. "It was a dirty bird that soiled its own nest," his mother had taught him, so there was no likelihood that he would talk over his affairs with neighbors or give the show away to relations. He knew, however, he was in a big fix. Home was not home at all, as it was. A sweep would be worse than a fool to sit and choke with downdraught if there was a conceivable remedy. Dan realized he would be less than a man if he could not cope with this worse than back smoke in his own house. As he walked home he had made up his mind to "kill or cure"; but exactly how to proceed, in either course, was not clear to him yet. Like cured like, at times, he knew. One poison could chase another poison out of the system if a doctor knew his trade. If Tryphena Jane was determined on militant tactics Dan was not going to be behind in that show. Peaceable man as he was, he knew that in chimneys and in families a flare-up sometimes cleared the air. If it was only noise, it eased the chest like a lighted newspaper sometimes cleared a flue. He pondered over the whole matter and made a point of trying to "straighten it out" as he fell asleep.

He had a curious dream that night. He saw Mary in a lovely garden and it seemed quite natural she should be there because she loved primroses and violets so much. Dan could never "suffer" the delicate scent of a primrose now. It made him fool enough to want to throw up the struggle and follow Mary. In his dream the "mother's-milk scent" of thousands of them came to him as Mary stepped forward smiling. All she said was:

"Well, Dan."

He just answered:

"Well, my dear," and never thought of asking her if she was dead or where she had gone to nor about all the things he wanted to know so badly when he was awake. She glided up to

him as naturally as if it was yesterday that he saw her last. She stroked his big hand softly as she looked up in his face and said the one word "Master." Dan laughed. She always had her little jokes, but she had never called him master before. He laughed and looked down upon her and then pulled her sweet face up to him as he answered "Missis," just to see the fun in her eyes. She was going to speak again when he awoke. He could not get the dream out of his head for he was sure Mary meant more than he could make out. As he fell asleep the next night he muttered, "master, master," and in the morning all was clear to Dan Trenowden.

He ate his pasty very thoughtfully that day and took a longer time than usual over it. Then he stood up, drew his waistcoat slowly down and brushed off the crumbs, without even speaking to Sapphira, who was strangely silent as if she felt danger in the air. With a face stern and pale, he went slowly out and turned the handle of the best parlor. The room was empty. Dan gave a sigh of relief. "That saves powder and shot for a bit, anyway," he muttered, as he closed the door again and fumbled in his pockets. He produced a holdfast and padlock from one pocket and a gimlet and screw driver from another. In less than a quarter of an hour the door was securely barricaded and the siege begun. He carefully put the tools in the same pocket he had taken them from. His slow and heavy tread roused Sapphira, who yelled, "House on fire, hurry up, what a lark!" Dan went over to the bird's cage, lifted it and fixed it exactly in the middle of the table. He then took out the tools again and produced from another pocket two clamps and some strong wire. To Sapphira's intense surprise he proceeded to hammer here and there at her cage. "Hold your noise! rats! lor! lor!" only seemed to hasten his efforts and soon Sapphira, like the sensible female she was, thought it better to conciliate Dan. With a swerve of her body she fixed her claws on to the side of the cage and began cleaning Dan's thin hair in the same way as she cleaned her own feathers. She only stopped once to mutter, "Bald pate, come on then, do." When the cage was securely fastened to the table Dan wiped his hot forehead with his handkerchief and rolled up his tools into a small

piece of sackcloth and tied the bundle with string. He unlocked a little wooden box which he drew from a cupboard by the fireplace and put in the tools. He left the box open and crossed over to the other corner of the fireplace where he generally sat. He took down Mary's photograph from the wall. She was in her wedding dress with an orange wreath on her head and a bunch of flowers in her hands. A queer pain got hold of Dan in his left side. "Sakes, Mary," he whispered, "Dan be most gone in."

The power of analysis was not developed in Dan, but just then he wondered why Mary had always brought him rest and Tryphena Jane nothing but turmoil. From the first moment he saw Mary she had been to him "most like a cradle to babies," he told her once. The mere thought of her just then was almost more than he could bear. "I hope I'll never hurt you, dearest," she had said once to him and he had laughed and kissed her for he knew nothing could hurt him so long as he could go to her and tell her everything. Dan, however, had not reckoned with that silent "unbeknowns" enemy, death. He had never felt rested once since she died and he doubted if ever he should again. The organ in chapel brought him nearer to it than anything else and seeing sooty chimneys "clean as gold." Life was a big tussle most days and at times almost unbearable. Dan's eyes were wider open than usual as he put Mary's photograph in the little wooden box. He locked it carefully and put the key on his watchchain where he had a locket she had given him with her hair in it. As he turned he saw Tryphena Jane in the doorway. She had evidently come from their bedroom, for she was dressed in her best outdoor clothes. Dan did not speak, but Tryphena Jane did.

"You're a nice sort of chap, you are, Dan Trenowden," she said. "You resemble a log of wood more than a man. You're a remarkable sort of husband for a woman of spirit, I must say." She laughed jeeringly. "You can't even defend yourself, but have to get locks and keys to do it for you. A worm, a pitiful worm you be, and nothing more nor less."

Dan's eyes were very bright and as he squared his broad shoulders and looked her full in the face Tryphena Jane thought

what a splendid fellow he was if only he would buck up a bit so that she could show him off amongst her companions.

"Defiance and not defence be my way at times," said Dan slowly.

"Teasy, sure enough," cried Tryphena Jane with a jerky little laugh.

"Worse," said Dan sternly.

"Oh! really," cried Tryphena Jane nervously, looking towards the parrot as if for support. For once Sapphira seemed unequal to the occasion. Probably the sound of the hammer was still in her ears. She neither moved nor spoke, but her eyes were anxious and her head very much on one side. If she had spoken she would probably have declared that Dan was "clean daft" and Tryphena Jane "moist with rage and terror."

"What's been done to Sapphira's cage?" demanded Tryphena Jane in a loud voice, in order to hide her own misgivings.

"Same as your suffragettes did to theirselves, I reckon," said Dan severely. "It's certain sure nobody can move it without considerable pains."

"You be mazed," said Tryphena Jane looking hard at Dan.

"Very likely," said Dan. "I'm getting pretty sure that is so, but I've more to get through with before I'm qualified for an asylum. I've only now begun."

"Good gracious," gasped Tryphena Jane. "I shall tell mother."

"If you can get to her," said Dan.

"Dan Trenowden," cried Tryphena Jane, and the sound of her own voice seemed far off, for she was growing so terrified. "You be just like all the miserable cowards and bullies as calls theirselves men and lives only to browbeat women. I thought you was different, but I see I was mistaken. Low, mongrel curs of creation all you men be. Not fit to come nigh no decent woman. Do you hear?"

"Hear?" said Dan slowly. "I'm not a deaf mute. A chimney in flames be a joke in comparison with you."

Tryphena Jane would have liked to scream, but she thought better of it. There was a look about Dan she had not "compassed." He might throttle her, with that sort of grin on his

face. There was a pause. Tryphena Jane was nothing if not militant.

"Dan Trenowden," she said slowly, almost pausing between each word, "you're a tyrant, a beast, a fool. If Mary had lived she'd have grown to hate, hate, hate you."

Tryphena Jane paused. Dan's mouth had tightened and his face was deathly white.

"Leave Mary's name out of this, if you please," said Dan, "unless you wants me to kill you. There's some things beyond bearing without chloroform, I'm thinking."

"Coward!" retorted Tryphena Jane.

"Names cost nothing," said Dan calmly. "A coward would run away from your nagging and worse, but I means to stay and conquer."

"Conquer me," sniffed Tryphena Jane.

"The whole situation," said Dan as he sat down in his chair and crossed one leg over the other.

"It's a storm in a teacup," said Tryphena Jane haughtily as she rapidly folded her umbrella and bit off a stray thread near the button.

"It's a storm, nevertheless," said Dan, "and may mean wreckage. You and me had best come to a clear understanding. Marriage is a contract, same as any other, and one of us two be trying to break it."

"Marriage be slavery for women," said Tryphena Jane. "A jail door has no worse prospects."

"That's bunkum," said Dan. "Marriage ain't no worse for a woman than a man. It's heaven or hell, seems to me, for either one."

"I suppose you mean to say," retorted Tryphena Jane haughtily, "that your first marriage was one of those states and your second is the other."

"As you've a mind to read it," said Dan.

"You're a jewel, you are," said Tryphena Jane. "And I should like to know, now we're talking, what I've done to be reckoned a devil and this house hell?"

"It's what you've left undone," said Dan, "as is sapping the foundations of this home. Do you think I married you

to shut yourself off from me by night and by day? Not likely. When I begins a job I goes through with it and no mincin' nor skimpin'. I'm going through with this, as you will see. You and me have not had a square meal together for a week."

"I've cooked your meals anyway," said Tryphena Jane.

"That's only half the bargain," said Dan.

"I'm independent of you," said Tryphena Jane, "and there's no call for you to support me now Aunt have left me a bit of money."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Dan, "what's done can't be undone. We're one now whether we likes it or not and one we've got to remain. Has it ever struck you that them women as talks to you about rights and property and votes and the rest have not looked in their own hearts? If they had they'd know what even a fool like me can teach them. If you really means to get what you want you'd best make what you've got lead to it, same as I be doing at the present time. The less row over it the better. The drum and fife don't lead to victory unless the soldiers are under discipline."

"Lor!" cried Tryphena Jane. "You're lost to the world. A lawyer or parson would more become your tongue than a sweep."

"Them women," said Dan irritably, "be screaming for moonshine, I tell you, when it's sunshine they do want."

Tryphena Jane smiled.

"That's saucy enough, anyway," she said, "whatever be its meaning. So you reckon votes be moonshine?"

"In comparison, yes," said Dan. "Votes be little worth to men, I reckon. Not much more than jaw and bluster. They mostly don't even reckon up what they're voting for. I'm not one as would debar a woman from beer nor tobacco and likewise I'd let her have the vote if she wants it just 'cause the goose should be served same as the gander, but it's moonshine all the same."

"And what be sunshine, if I may ask?" queried Tryphena Jane.

Dan did not answer, but all the clouds passed from his face and the angry light went out of his eyes. Dan knew and Try-

phena Jane knew, too, what was in his mind. She went angrily out of the door.

"As you approve of votes I'll just pin on my badge and take good care to make an example of you at the meeting," she called from the foot of the stairs.

Dan strode into the passage and the anger in his face made Tryphena Jane pause. The smile had gone as quickly as it came.

"You'll do no such thing," said Dan, catching hold of Tryphena Jane's arm. "You've got to obey that, mind, or it will be the worse for you. It's for your sake, not mine, as makes me say it."

"My!" cried Tryphena Jane trembling with rage, "you shall suffer for this. You worse than murderer! I'd smack your big ugly face if I wasn't afraid to soil my hands. You shall go into the newspapers as a man as barricaded his doors against his wife and bound fast to the table the cage of his parrot 'cause she was a female. A nice reading for them as says men be good to women."

With that she flew down the passage and went out of the front door which she banged behind her.

Dan leaned against the wall in the little passage and folded his arms. He meditated for a few moments and then went back to the kitchen and took down the bottle of tonic from the shelf. He was shivering and his teeth chattered.

"How shall I ever get through?" he muttered. "Hurricanes always disagreed with my constitution." He poked the fire, put on his hat and coat, locked the front door carefully and went down the street. Tryphena Jane was not in sight. She did not go to the meeting. She was much too agitated. She took a long walk toward her mother's house, but she did not go in.

"Once I own up he don't care, I might as well give it all up," she said to herself. She slowly walked back toward home. Dan's vigorous protest had told upon her. When she had married him she knew herself as little as she knew Dan. She had wooed him and won him in the same spirit that she did a day's washing quicker than her neighbors. Living with Dan, however,

had opened her eyes. Dan's peaceful ways and his self-controlled manner gradually impressed her with a strange wonder. He was not a bit what she had imagined men were. He was as good as any woman at cooking, scrubbing and even washing. When he would not let her rub the clothes, only " soap them in," she did not at first know whether to despise him or to like him for it. " Washing be as hard as gardening," he told her, " and not fit for women. It's only an idea that it's her job at all." He went about everything with a quiet persistence and patience which irritated her into a longing to hurt him and badly, too. The fact that she seemed to have so little effect upon him maddened her. He was calm, strong and apparently unmoved by anyone. Tryphena Jane knew that Dan's whole life was in Mary and in Mary dead as much as if she were living. The only time he really smiled was when some little thing brought up her name. By way of torturing herself needlessly, Tryphena Jane would often touch something belonging to Mary and then watch Dan's sad, tired face with angry glee.

As she walked back to the house after this " flare up " she had the common sense to realize, though red-hot irons would not let her confess it to Dan, that she was miserably jealous, and jealous, moreover, of a dead woman. Long ago, when Mary was alive Tryphena Jane liked her and simply thought nothing of Dan if she chanced to meet him. Now she hated Mary and loved Dan. His deep nature had " got hold of her," she owned, and she would give anything if Dan could forget Mary and turn toward her. His face that afternoon had fascinated and subdued her. She longed to make him happy, but felt it was as much beyond her power as to grow wings. She could have knelt to him when she bullied him most, but Dan never saw what was in her heart, only heard her sharp speeches and hard laugh. She had tried to dress a little like Mary. She had even done her hair a bit after Mary's style to please Dan, but all he had said, with his brow wrinkled up, was that he thought it more becoming for a staid woman of her years to do her hair low on the forehead as his mother did hers. If Mary had been near just then Tryphena Jane would have liked to run a pin in her. She thought of these things as she neared home. When

she got to the house she saw the front door was open. She went in quickly and called for Dan, meaning to tell him that perhaps she had been a bit cross but if he liked she would give up the meetings and stay more at home with him. It would be a great concession, but Tryphena Jane was really wretched for fear she had made Dan miserable. She went into the kitchen and found, not only Dan, but Bill Thomas. Dan seemed to be asleep in his chair and Bill Thomas was trying to make the kettle boil.

"What's up?" asked Tryphena Jane, whose knees were knocking together and her sight was so blurred that she saw everything through a mist. "What's wrong with Dan?"

"My blessed life, Mrs. Trenowden!" Bill Thomas said kindly, "Dan be as unlike hisself as ever he can be. We'd best get him to bed."

"Lor!" said Tryphena Jane harshly. "Whose work be this, then?" To hide her terror she went up to Dan and gave him a slight shake. "Dan," she called. Dan opened his eyes and said brokenly, "Don't be frightened, dear. It's nothing much." Tryphena Jane's mouth hardened. Thank goodness, she thought, Bill Thomas could not guess he was speaking to a dead woman. She knew that note in his voice well enough. She turned sharply to Bill Thomas.

"Where did you find him?"

"At the 'Lamb and Flag,'" he said. "None of us have ever seen Dan take spirits afore. He took a stiff glass hot, sure enough, and then he talked like a parson. If anybody could have took it down there'd never be no need for none of we to give advice nor yet to make mistakes because of the want of it. Men and women and most of time and eternity was laid bare before us. We was listening with our mouths open when he dropped sudden, like a stone, on to the floor. He breathed that heavy we thought he was in a fit. Jim Curnow and me got him here, but Jim had a job on hand and had to go, but I told him he had best call in at the doctor's and send him along. Neither of us liked the look of Dan there. Here he is, I believe." A knock was heard, as he spoke, at the front door. Tryphena Jane opened it and she and the doctor walked silently into the

kitchen. Dr. Ashe felt his patient's pulse and lifted up his eyelids.

"To bed with him," he said.

Bill Thomas and Tryphena Jane got Dan upstairs and put him into bed. Dan never spoke. He shivered now and then but made no protest and seemed to take no notice of anyone. When the doctor left the room Tryphena Jane followed him and Bill Thomas stayed with Dan. When they got into the kitchen Sapphira yelled, "It's you, it's you," which sent the creeps all over Tryphena Jane. She hurriedly threw a tablecloth over the cage and turned to the doctor.

"Well, sir, please!" she asked.

"Nervous collapse! All depends on your care and nursing, Mrs. Trenowden," said Dr. Ashe. "He may be all right almost immediately or he might run into brain fever. He's in a queer way."

"I can nurse as well as the best," said Tryphena Jane.

"He will need it," said Dr. Ashe. He looked speculatively at Tryphena Jane.

"You will forgive an old doctor," he went on, "but has Trenowden had a shock or—or—domestic worry?"

Tryphena Jane's face hardened, but Dr. Ashe noticed that there was something very like a tear in her eye.

"That's to me," said Tryphena Jane, who never told a lie if the truth would do as well. Bill Thomas came in just then and Dr. Ashe asked if Dan had spoken.

"He talked a bit out of time," said Bill. "He smiled that great smile of his and his eyes was closed, but his mind must be running a bit on his work for he mumbled something about having found the central draught at last."

"Conscientious worker always," said the doctor. "Take care of him, Mrs. Trenowden," he went on. "Plenty of simple nourishment often, and no worry, mind."

With that he went away. Tryphena Jane uncovered the parrot and put some milk to boil. She felt she must wait, if only for a little while, before seeing Dan again. She was very frightened. Had she killed Dan? What could she do to prove she was not the Tryphena Jane he knew? The milk was nearly

boiling, so she would see to that. It might steady her a bit. She had never felt so humble in her life. Was she going to be ill, too, she wondered? She took the milk up to Dan's bedside and said mechanically as she handed it to him:

"Don't for goodness' sake spill it on the bedclothes."

Dan evidently did not hear. He was perhaps asleep.

Tryphena Jane smoothed out the clean apron she had just put on and began to tidy the room. She hung a towel on the looking-glass and put a collar of Dan's on the towel rail. She certainly was considerably "flustered."

"I wish Mary was here," she muttered to herself. "I'm no use at all."

Dan's brain must have caught the cry. He opened his eyes, looked at Tryphena Jane and smiled. This flurried her so much that she jerked the bed quilt almost off the bed in a lame attempt at putting it straight.

"I've just had a dream," said Dan. "I dreamt you wasn't a rebel at all but as soft as a pancake."

"Sakes, a-mercy, Dan!" cried Tryphena Jane. "What a nonsensical fancy."

How soft her voice sounded. Dan rubbed his eyes. He surely was not drunk now, whatever he had been before. His eyes told him Tryphena Jane had been crying and crying a good deal. His heart softened, for that, at any rate, was a bit more like his mother and Mary.

"Cheer up," he said kindly.

"You first," said Tryphena Jane brokenly. "I'm all right. It's you that be ill and I can't think what have taken you."

"I got drunk," said Dan stolidly. "I did it on purpose, too. This milk be a real savor after that whiskey muck."

"Whose fault was it you came to do such an unlikely thing?" asked Tryphena Jane, with her eyes screwed up questioningly.

"Mine," said Dan. "No man gets a signed order for that."

"It was my fault," said Tryphena Jane sharply; "every bit of it."

Dan closed his eyes. He might as well go on dreaming. It lasted on a bit, even when he woke, he found.

"Dan, speak," said Tryphena Jane.

"I meant to die easy," said Dan.

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried Tryphena Jane. "Can't you see? Don't you know?"

Dan opened his eyes, but he did not look at his wife.

"I'm a dull fool, you know, not fit to live and scarcely worth a coffin if I was to pass," he said slowly.

"Thee'rt a great fool, sure enough," retorted Tryphena Jane, almost in her old manner.

Dan Trenowden lay back on the pillows. The hot milk had done him good, but he was "in a stream of sweat," which Tryphena Jane mistook for another "qualm."

"Dan Trenowden," she cried, "look you here. I'll tend you same as Mary, yes, I will, and let you nag and nag all day if you've a mind to, but you must promise not to die."

Dan opened his eyes slowly and looked at Tryphena Jane. He closed them again quickly.

"I might as well out with it as let it choke me till I dies, too," said Tryphena Jane. "You'm a man among men, Dan, and it's because I know it and I know Mary knew it even better than me and that you don't know it a bit as have made me bully and worry you so."

Dan sat slowly up and stared at Tryphena Jane.

"No, lie back and rest same as the doctor said and hear me to the finish," said Tryphena Jane. "I've just seen all through it, I tell you. I've been crazy jealous of Mary, but let's hope it's over. After all, Mary isn't me and I'm not she. She wasn't all good, surely, no more than I'm all bad. Even you be betwixt and between."

"Good Lord!" cried Dan. "I'm a patchwork of faults."

Tryphena Jane smiled.

"You was certainly rare and masterful over that door and the parrot and jawed at me fit to deafen me!"

Dan's uplifted hands stopped the breathless flow of talk.

"By your leave, Tryphena Jane," cried Dan. "It was six of one and half a dozen of the other and that's allowing full

grace to the female. It was not till after that strong glass of whiskey that the din got out of my ears."

"Dan," said Tryphena Jane, "it shall never happen no more."

Dan put out his hands and drew Tryphena Jane toward him and made her sit on the bed.

"Look," he said gently, "there be some things worse nor death itself. Sparring be one. Let's drop it. It's one of them things as has no fruit in it. I know more than I did and I want to tell you the fault have been mostly mine."

"No, not at all," sobbed Tryphena Jane.

"Yes, it have," said Dan emphatically. "I see it as clear as daylight now. I've been a selfish fool and wrapped up in my own grief. Once we was married, seeing as you couldn't stomach Mary's name, I'd no right to have mentioned it. It's hitting below the belt and not sufferable at all." The perspiration stood in beads on his face.

Tryphena Jane took her handkerchief from her pocket and wiped her husband's hot forehead.

"Thank you," said Dan. "It is quite comfortable to have you tending of me like this 'ere and it's mostly my own fault as it didn't happen sooner. Just hear what I've got to say and then we'll lock it all away with Mary's photo and her little knick-knacks in the box in the long cupboard."

"Mary's photo!" gasped Tryphena Jane.

"Yes, my dear," said Dan slowly. "I locked it out of sight once I knew what I know now. The torturing of a living woman won't bring back the dead and for all we know might confuse them up there. I'm afraid you've had a lot to bear and now I want to make it up to you. It's all clear in my brain pan now. I want you to know that when I buried Mary, in the manner of speaking, I buried Dan Trenowden as then was, too." He brought his clenched hand down upon his broad chest. "This Dan be moulded out of what went through me when she passed and what her passing made of me has to be reckoned with now and not Mary's Dan at all. You've no cause to be jealous of Mary's Dan, for you've never known him nor no one else has known him since she died. What I was, while she was alive, I

don't rightly know myself and I'm not going to dwell on that no more. If you and me had started matrimony on that understanding there would have been no sparks nor yet no puffs. Coffins don't give up their dead, so there's no need to bother over Dan Trenowden as was. Just deal with his double what's here."

Tryphena Jane was crying softly into her apron.

"My Dan be part and parcel of Mary's Dan," she said gently. "If I could see clearer, perhaps I'd reckon up that Mary have moulded you into a better shape for her as was meant to follow than if she'd not been your wife first." Tryphena Jane's head drooped and she made a knot in the corner of her apron and then untied it before looking at Dan. Her face had changed and Dan caught himself thinking she had the soft look of Mary in her eyes. She startled him very much by saying, as she patted his hand as it lay outside the bedclothes:

"I'm beginning to really love Mary. For all we know she may be helping us at this minute to see clear." Dan's smile was his first reply and the words came later.

"I'm certain sure of that," he said.

Tryphena Jane smiled through her tears as she looked at Dan.

"It's a blessed thing as I'm feeling all different about Mary," she said; "for much as you mean what you do say you'll bring in Mary to the day you die and no woman but a fool would wish it otherwise."

"Why?" asked Dan.

"'Cause she'd lose you altogether, I'm thinking, if your speech was checked when your heart was full. I'm learning to know she same as if we was sisters and before long you and me will be catching one another up when we're talking of she 'cause after all I've the pull of you, being a woman. No man can reckon up a woman like her own kind, no matter how much he do worship her."

"Kiss me, my dear," said Dan softly. "I be quite restored."

"There! I told you!" cried Tryphena Jane, still laughing and crying in one. "You're better already at the mere notion."

"Yes," said Dan. "I know all about the central draught now."

"Well, I never," said Tryphena Jane. "Your work be always in your head. Bill Thomas said as you was worrying about that when the doctor was here. Is a troublesome chimney bothering you?"

"No!" said Dan solemnly, "I was bent on finding the central draught in a woman, I reckon. Chimneys be easy by comparison."

Tryphena Jane laughed uncontrollably.

"Oh, Dan," she said, "what a funny chap you are. As if such a thing could be."

Dan's eyes were wide open as he said slowly:

"It's the chief make-up of her, anyway. It was the same in mother and—and——"

"Mary," said Tryphena Jane.

"Yes," said Dan, "but I'm thinking, by all the signs, it's most in you of the three."

"Whatever can it be?" asked Tryphena Jane still laughing. "Let's hear."

"I've not ferreted it out with bitter pains and misgivings to give it away to the first woman as asks me," said Dan. "There's some things that men never tells to the best of women, in my observation of things, and that's one. I reckon there's equally wise saws a woman do never tell to no man."

"You're right," said Tryphena Jane; "for some things be lost in the telling."

IRISH POEMS

ARTHUR STRINGER

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

WE'RE wearin' av the green, boys,
Beneath their English rose;
We're wearin' av the deeper green
That Home and Ireland knows!

The green av whin and bogland,
The green av lough and lake,
The green that takes us back again
And brings the olden ache!

The green av Aran wathers,
The green av Rathlin waves,
The green av all the hills av Home,
And the green av Ireland's graves!

IN THE TROPICS

(O to be in Ireland wid me youth again,
Half a world from palm-three, half a world from this!
O to be in Ireland, where the coolin' rain
Falls across the green hills like a woman's kiss!)

UP and down the withered turf
Here I pace the ould Parade,
Listenin' to the Tropic surf
Where the Band-stand music brayed.

Here the gintry go and come,
Shlow beneath a milk-white moon
Round as yonder kettle-drum
Throbbin' out its home-sick toon.

Round and round they drift and pass,
  Thro' the palms they wheel and roam,
Where the Regimintal Brass
  Plays its wishtful songs av Home.

Shlow and stately as the dead,
  On they move from light to light,
Soljer-men in glarin' red,
  Ladies in their ghostly white.

Long I've watched thim as they pass
  Where the sea-wall shmells av musk
And the palm-fronds green as brass
  Whisper thro' the Thrade-swept dusk.

Long I've marked thim come and go
  Where the swayin' lantherns shine,
Where the white electhrics glow,
  Where the Band-stand cornets whine;

Where the trombones pulse and blare
  Wid some shlow and stately toon,
Where the sea-wind shtirs the air
  And the coral beaches croon.

Long I've watched thim here alone,
  Till the palms and music seem
Ghosts av things I've scarcely known,
  Ghosts that thrail across a dream;

And the soft and shleepy Cross,
  Shinin' from its shleepy dome,
Seems to tell thim av their loss,
  Half a world away from Home.

But I've left no Home behind,
  And there's naught beyont the Sea,
Naught av kith nor wimmen-kind
  Waitin' for the likes av me.

Yet I listen, wid the ache
Av a man who's known his dead,
While the ould toons shtir and wake
Things I've put beyont me head.

And I watch thim wid a blur
Creepin' thro' the ould Parade,
Where the cliff-palms wake and shtir
In the soft and sultry Thrade.

(*O to be in Ireland where the cool rain falls,*
Where the meltin' green shlopes meet the tender light,
Where across the whin the tawney owlet calls,
Where the settlin' grouse-crow tells av comin' night!)

Life I've lived, and Youth I've had,
Yet no home is home to me:
Faith, I've loved it, good and bad,
Lane and city, land and sea!

But I sthill must take me way
To the ends av all the earth,
Find me port, and drain me day,
Askin' what the game is worth.

So I watch the gintry walk,
Heart-sick wimmen white as foam,
Heat-sick faces white as chalk,
Half a world away from Home.

And I hark the sad ould croon
Av the swingin' Tropic Sea,
Till the palm and Cross and moon
Seem but ghosts av things to me.

And I wander thro' a dream,
And the men I walk beside
Nothin' more than spirits seem—
And I know me youth has died!

—Died and went this many a year
With a gerrl they buried deep
Where the hawthorn's growin' near
And the coolin' lough-winds creep!

(*O to be in Ireland where that blue lough lies!*
O to hear the home-like slap av pigeon's wing!
O to see the bog-lands greet the mornin' skies!
O to be in Ireland, waitin' for the Spring!
But I'll niver more be seein' my ould Home,
Niver hear the ould voice callin' thro' the rain,
Niver see the Headlands flashin' wid their foam,
And niver win me lost youth back to me again!)

THE OLD MEN

THROUGH the noise av the crowded sthreet
The thrappin's av sable crept;
Where the light av the sun lay sweet
The black-clothed mourners stept.

And him—who'd feared at the sight
Av coffin and hearse and sthone,
He'll shleep widout fear this night
In the churchyard wid his own!

But och, at the sight av his hearse,
For a breath, how we all lay cold
In the gloom and the clutch and the curse
Av Death and His drippin' mould!

For a minute our ould backs bowed
Wid the weight av his graveyard clay:
Then the feelin' passed off like a cloud
And we wakened and went our way.

Yet faix, now, I'm wonderin' if Death
Deep under the loam and the lorn
Is throubled, in turn, for a breath,
When he's toldt av a child bein' born?

THE DANCING DAYS

'TIS a year and a day back to Kindree
Where the gerrls had no shoes to their feet!
'Tis many a mile to the ould town
Where the childer' wanst danced in the street!

Here's bread to be had for the breakin';
Here's moilin' and frettin' and froth!
But thinkin' av Home, how me heart's blood
Must jig like a wave o' Lake Roth!

Av Home, och, where down thro' the ould street
Wid his pipin' went Ragged MacGee—
And faith, how the colleens thrailed round at his heels
And all jigged like the leaves av a tree!

The walls were a tumble av stone-heaps,
The skim-milk wid wather was thinned,
And the thatch it was broken and moss-grown—
But we danced like the grass in the wind!

Not worth a traneen was the village,
But no wan was sthoppin' to fret—
And I'll wager they're goin' like a tree-top to-day,
Faith, dancin' and starvin' there yet!

THE END

WAN touch av lip to lip it seemed
Would ease and end desire;
Wan mad kiss at the most, I dreamed,
Would quench the ache and fire.

When wishtful-eyed she gave wan kiss,
The touch I'd hungered for,
The thrue end, faith, I saw was this:
Not wan, but fifty more!

And heart to heart she gave thim free,
Soft kisses, day by day;
But still some end that throubled me
Stood off a world away!

And while we yearned and ere we learned
We groped to wan gift more;
And havin' that, the end was earned,
And Sorrow shut the door!

THE RIGHT USE OF LEISURE

TEMPLE SCOTT

A CRITIC, for whose opinion I have more than a courtesy respect, said to me after reading my previous essay, *Wanted—Leisure**: "Very fine; but your premises are all wrong. You assume that most people do not find their happiness in work, whereas the contrary is the fact. It all depends on the spirit in which work is done. If people will put their hearts into it the work itself will be a joy."

I suggested that I would write another essay, and call it *Work, the Creator*. Then I replied that it was because I was desirous to put hearts into people so that work might be a joy, that I was moved to write as I had written. My complaint is that people have lost heart, and my demand for Leisure was by way of giving them hope to take heart again. For there is no hope for them in work as it is done to-day, and they cannot take heart in it because it ends nowhere, because there is no enriching of the self in it. "Where thy treasure is, there shall thy heart be also." I aim to urge men and women to be treasure-seekers by showing them that they can be treasure-finders; for this is the one way, so it seems to me, along which they will walk through life with courage and find their happiness in finding themselves. Let us but believe in the possibility of realizing hope, and the right spirit will animate us, and lead us on. How to enrich the self, is the question.

It is a very old question. In various forms it has exercised the profoundest minds of men; for its right answer means happiness. Isaiah and Christ; Plato and St. Paul; Marcus Aurelius and Thomas à Kempis; Dante and St. Francis, and the host of modern wise men from Bruno and Spinoza to Kant and Tolstoy set themselves this question. They approached it from the point of view of the Idealist, and they gave happiness on the condition of the re-birth of the spirit of man. So convincing was their reasoning, and so moving was their appeal, that they did actually awaken and change that spirit; and men and women

* In the May FORUM.

began to live in new ways; they began to live the idea of the Brotherhood of Man.

But the wise men did not and could not foresee all that this change of attitude would bring about. For them, their answer was the complete answer and, therefore, there was no need to look further. Let us live but thus, they said, and all will be well with us. But life does not permit itself to be thus systematized and dogmatized, even by the inspired formulas of great hearts. Life is an evolution; it is dynamic and not static; and it has to be lived by men and women, not dreamed. Every change becomes, in actual living, a step forward to another change, and while man is the product of his environment he is much more the maker of new environments. Indeed, every idea realized makes new environments which, in turn, call for newer ideas, which again make new environments, and so on, continually. Every change is a fresh creation, and every fresh creation brings new problems, new desires, new aspirations. Yet were these wise men indeed wise in approaching the problem as they did; for they revealed the eternal *character* of the solution. New conditions may bring new problems, but the character of all solutions is of the quality of the spirit—the spirit that flowers into an Ideal. The spirit alone leaves room for a re-valuation of values, a re-consideration of the ever-evolving problems which must press on humanity for solution, so long as a humanity exists, and so long as men and women live together in social intercourse. The spirit is fluid; it may be directed, but never may it be imprisoned; for to imprison it is to attempt to prevent it flowering into Ideals, and we shall never succeed in this attempt. Under any conditions of human existence it will be the man with the Ideal who will inevitably be born to show us the way out. His method may not be practicable at the moment; but that is not to say it will be impossible. It is for us, the living, working, hoping citizens of the world, to make conditions fitting the Ideal; to realize it, and so make it a living truth. We will experiment with it at first, and, no doubt, fail in our experiments; but the fact that we deal with it at all will help us to understand its nature, and help us also to do our best with it, and in doing our best with it find ourselves in the end growing to love it.

We are, and we take a pride in saying it, a practical people. Ideas have to fit conditions or we have no use for them. We care not a fico for a mere idea, the idea that cannot be embodied as a working principle or a working machine. Yet we are not altogether materialists. We do confess and thankfully acknowledge that ideas have been embodied, both as machines and nations. The American nation is itself the outcome of an idea—the idea that all men are created equal with unalienable God-given rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Why is it that we are so suspicious of and so averse from ideals? Is it because they are not practicable? But how can we decide if we do not make the trial? The true reason for our aversion and suspicion is that we are not Realists enough. We expect from a machine no more than what we intended it to do; but from an Ideal we expect everything at once, forgetting that we alter it in the very act of realizing it. Every Ideal must, necessarily, become degraded in its embodiment as a Real. The spirit knows more than the body can express. We make no allowance for this; and yet we go to the opposite extreme when we have found a Practical Ideal. For then we become so enamored of its "truth" and "validity" that we hedge it round with precedent, root it in its constitution, and leave it no freedom for development. We are so loyal to the truth, as we call it, that we make an idol of it. Like the Israelites of old, we forsake the living God and become idolaters. And our conforming attitude is so determined that we count nonconformity a heresy, deserving even of a punishing condemnation. Hence the martyrs of history and the bloodshed of revolutions. We are not Realists enough, because we fail to understand that there is no limit to the work of realizing Ideals, if only we allow the Ideals to teach us how.

"The spirit of man," says Mr. Lowes Dickenson finely, "is not frozen in ice, nor bound on a wheel of fire; rather it moves on a magic car through the forest of life, drawn by the team of instinct, habit, desire, and will; bound to the past, yet free of the future; proceeding from the brute but tending to the god." The wise practical sociologist will think long before he lightly rejects any message of this spirit, for the time will surely come

when its message will be the one truth to which he will be compelled to give heed.

It requires time for the vital values of even a single Ideal to become exhausted in practice; but long before that time is reached, the new conditions brought about by the new practice engender a new Ideal. A philosopher or a poet, a Bergson or a Meredith, is appearing on the horizon, who is coming to ask us to take thought again. This is just what is taking place to-day, especially in these United States. The practical Ideal of political freedom under which we have lived for a century and a half has produced a new kind of citizen—the average man alive and alert to every chance that will benefit him; the successful man radiant in the glory of his conquest over nature. A new assertiveness, a new selfishness, or a new form of the old selfishness has sprung from this life of political freedom. The old physical might has been translated into terms of wealth, into phrases of legal cunning and into shibboleths of political craft. These are now the powers, those very powers the evil workings of which it was thought Democracy had scotched. With political freedom to permit them the opportunity, the powerful concentrate all their masterly abilities of machinery and brain to the acquisition of power for themselves. When they succeed, either as capitalists, corporation lawyers, or political party "bosses," they use it after much the same fashion as did the feudal barons. So the old problems of class distinction and inequality in living come up once more in a new form, and once again men are no longer equal, no longer free, and no longer happy. The Ideal of political freedom, evidently, does not suffice for the new conditions; it is not working well; we are ready for a new Ideal. This it will be the business of Leisure to formulate.

We shall never enjoy what we have unless we use it. The possession of Leisure, means, therefore, the right use of Leisure. To enjoy Leisure is, however, only one of the ways of using it. It is a very good way; perhaps, the best of all ways, but like all good things, it offers the temptation of its abuse, especially to those who have not been accustomed to having good things. And nowhere is this abuse more flagrant than in this country,

where the acquisition of wealth has produced a leisured class, more particularly among women, who, amply supplied with the means of satisfying their material wants, and with no other objects in life, are rapidly degenerating mentally and morally. A debilitating ennui has left them a prey to their desires for mere variety and excitement, and they pass their days in hysterical demands and neurasthenic cravings. They ask for love, and they "shove cravings in the van of love," and so never meet love. These, happily, are the exceptions. And yet there are very many women of leisure who are begging for something to do, that will justify them in their possession and make life meaning-full to them.

To those who spend a portion of each day in labor, Leisure will come as a pleasant interlude for other than mere idleness or riotous living. I have said that Leisure is time, and that to give a poor man time is to enrich him. Shall he then waste his wealth in mere enjoyment? Or shall he not rather put it to other uses also? Leisure was once a hope; shall he not rather justify the fulfilment of his hope by his use of his possession? For this new wealth also is power, and power is for good as well as for evil. It was the evil use of power which denied him of his wealth of time; shall he now deny himself of it by using it evilly? Would that not rather justify depriving him of it again? Surely, it would. There devolves, then, on the leisure-enriched workingman the duty of the right use of Leisure, the right use of his wealth of time. The right use of this as the right use of everything in this world is to make the most of it.

How shall he make the most of Leisure?

In two ways. First, by getting health and keeping it; and, second, by getting a mind and using it. "Give a man health and a course to steer," says Bernard Shaw, "and he'll never stop to trouble whether he's happy or not." We all know what health means; and by getting a mind I mean making up one's mind to where one wants to go and finding the right way to go to it. To use the mind is "to get there."

There are many ways by which to get health; doctors are telling us of these ways every day; but the best way to get health is to keep healthy, and to keep the body healthy requires

a healthy mind. One reason why we are in the distressful state of to-day is that there are so few healthy minds in the community, although our colleges are gymnasiums for athletics and the nurseries of sports. A healthy mind will compel the body to be free from sickness and disease; for half our sicknesses are due to our sick minds—minds that are unable to will, and powerless to command; minds made anxious and worried and distressed by the fear of poverty and the fear of disgraceful death. A healthy mind is a sane mind; an honest plumber and an honest sanitary inspector are more desirable to it than a famous physician. It believes in the prevention of disease rather than in its pathology. It makes for courage and exalted willingness in momentous enterprises, especially in the great enterprise of bearing children. It will see that the body is healthy before it permits it the high adventure of founding a home; and it will act thus according to the dictates of its own high sense of nobility. It is the ignoble fathers and unwilling mothers who are responsible for the moral bastards, the spawn of sensuality that scatter disease and death, and that complicate our problems to the point of pessimism. No, we need have little anxiety about the health of our bodies if we first make certain that our minds are healthy.

How then are we to get healthy minds? Well, one sign of mental health and sanity was getting Leisure. In getting this we prepared, so to speak, the soil of the mind for the planting of fertile seeds. With Leisure the mind has the time in which to recuperate itself. But there is still another process, a refining process, through which this soil must pass, in order that the life-giving air of freedom may reach its every particle. This process I call emotionalizing the intellect and intellectualizing the emotions. We must think with emotion and feel with discretion, as Mr. Charles Ferguson would say. The mind functions as Intellect and Emotion. Pure emotion is passion let loose; it is an intuitive, a seeing, and not a constructive force. Pure intellect is power let loose; it is a constructive force, but it is a blind force, for it sees with the outward eye only. When the emotions are rationalized, they are guided; when the intellect is emotionalized, it is saved. A pure enthusiasm and a pure power will thus have had imparted to them the fine qualities of

each other. In the individual the resultant force invents machines, paints masterpieces of art, writes inspiring poems, builds splendid cathedrals, converts people to new faiths and heartens them with new aspirations, and reveals new ideals and brings up strong-bodied, noble-minded citizens. In a people this resultant force is known as Civilization. A civilized people is thus in itself a creating force. It demonstrates this by realizing ideals; by making real the dreams of its poets; utilizing for communal purposes the machines of its inventors; embodying in its political and social life the systems of its statesmen and the organizations of its industrial leaders, translating the hopes of fathers and mothers into happy homes. Its Church is the Church of pragmatic truth, and its religion the worship of the Practical Ideal. It does all these things by subduing the natural self-seeking tendencies of its individual members for the purpose of social well-being, for the healthy organic growth of a community in which the individual serves it and it him.

Now there are two sides to social life—the political and the economic. The political side deals with the rights to personal freedom of the individual members within the community, and the sanctions by which these rights are prevented from interfering with the solidarity of the social state. The best practical ideal so far developed by Civilization for this purpose is Democracy—the government of the people, by the people, for the people—resulting in political freedom. The economic side deals with the rights of the individual to enjoy the fruits of the earth and the products of his labor. This is economic freedom, the establishment of which will be one of the right uses of Leisure. So far, to satisfy this side, Civilization has evolved the method known as Competition, a practical ideal when carefully limited to its proper sphere of activity; but when allowed free play, as it has been, the rights of the individual to enjoy the fruits of the earth and the product of his labor are left to take care of themselves. Instead of making for economic freedom it has resulted in the unrestrained scramble of a medley of individuals, each trying to get the better of the other, and the rights of one being obtained at the sacrifice of the other.

Modern Civilization has failed to make good its claim to its

title. Its political freedom is a dead letter, and its economic freedom an infernal machine. It has failed from two causes. The first is to be found in the purely intellectual consideration it gave to the problem of economic freedom. It applied the same method to the solution of this problem as it did to that of political freedom. This was the profound error. Economic freedom is the life and happiness of the members of a community, and life and happiness are not subject-matters for political science, but for ethics. Politics is the science of the mechanics of a society; economics is its ethics. Every economic problem is, at bottom, a problem in morals. This we are only beginning to see, but we shall see it better when our intuitions form a part of our reasoning; for then we shall not treat men and women as if they were the figured-blocks in a calculating machine.

> "Farther, deeper, may you read,
> Have you sight for things afield,
> Where peeps she, the Nurse of seed,
> Cloaked, but in the peep revealed;
> Showing a kind face and sweet;
> Look you with the soul you see't."

We have not looked for the "kind face and sweet" with our souls, because forsooth our economic science must not be concerned with matters that pertain to the souls of people; as if the science of social life were as bloodless as mathematics or as logic. How are we ever to settle social questions if we leave out the souls of the people? It is not of stone and timber, said Plutarch, that we must build the ramparts of our cities, but of the brave hearts of our citizens.

The second cause for this failure on the part of modern civilization lies in the fact that it is not civilized enough; it has not yet had the material with which to work. The problem of economic freedom depends absolutely on the healthy-minded citizens themselves, and healthy-minded citizens are possible only in a community which permits its members the enjoyment of Leisure, and offers every facility for its right use. A civilized nation without civilized citizens, if that were possible, is like an Atlantic liner with an incompetent crew to work her and with her coal-

bunkers empty. She is splendidly fitted with the best modern machinery, but she is adrift on the ocean because wanting in the willing power of coöperative thought. She may have a superior-minded captain and officers, but these are helpless without a superior-minded crew. The right use of Leisure is to educate the average citizen to be high-minded. Leisure produced the high-minded aristocrat, the lover of art and the patron of genius; there is no reason why it should not also produce the high-minded citizen, with equal power to appreciate and encourage art and genius, and with even greater power to maintain them. And with his arrival our problem of economic freedom will be solved.

Stated broadly the right use of Leisure is to fit ourselves so that we always have the power to enjoy it. In other words, the right use of Leisure is to maintain our ability to use it. The ability to use anything is measured by the results of the use; if the results are useful, work well, they are desirable, and our right to the use of Leisure will be justified and may not be alienated from us. Leisure, therefore, is our opportunity to demonstrate our ability. No individual and no nation, in the history of man, ever yet maintained a right to anything without the power to use the right. Even a mechanic may not work at his trade unless he proves himself able; he will be discharged, deprived of his right, so to speak, if he is un-able. Leisure is given us in which to cultivate ability; to learn how to be able. Once we are able, questions of economic freedom, communal welfare and human happiness will meet their answers; for our might will be right in the only sense that counts.

Now what do we find existing in this country to-day, among the so-called "idle rich" and "laboring poor"? The former have the right to Leisure, but they have lost the power to use it. Indeed, as the phrase goes, they have no use for it. The right means nothing to them, for they do not know what to do with it. They are able to live at all only by the power stored-up in their wealth, and even this power they are so abusing that it also is being threatened. What an opportunity for these men and women, did they but have the ability to use Leisure! What a mighty influence for good might not these become in the community! And they are unable to make a change because they,

too, have lost heart, and are without hope. The "laboring poor" have the right to the vote, but not knowing how to use it, they have lost the right. They sold it for a mess of pottage to capitalists and political "bosses." The result is they have no power in the community and no right to the right. Nay, they have no right even to complain of their condition. What is left of their right is the mere record of its acquisition; a witness to their shameful incapacity and futility.

Leisure is now given us as the time in which both "idle rich" and "laboring poor" alike may take thought. The former, that they may rise up from the "mattrass grave" of their ennui; the latter that they may cease complaining and open their eyes to what they have done to themselves, and to what they can do to redeem themselves.

We are now asking for a new right—the right to economic freedom. We may go on asking until the Day of Judgment, and we shall not get it. For what guarantee can we give that we shall not abuse this right also? How can we ask to be entrusted with it when we have no power to keep it, and have lost even the right to ask for it? There is now no other way left to us but to deserve it. Leisure is given to us as the time in which to prepare ourselves to deserve it. Yet to deserve it is no light task; it means educating ourselves to a true understanding of the trust, and acquiring the ability to hold it. Only thus shall we regain the power; there is no other way. Complaining, begging, and petitioning will not avail; what will avail, is doing. The doors of the Temple of Freedom are closed to the mentally unsound and the morally unclean. We have had these doors shut against us because of our weakness and our sins. They will not be open again to us until we shall have fasted, and afflicted our souls, and washed pure our hearts. So that our day of Leisure must be for us a Day of Atonement, also. "It is a Sabbath of solemn rest unto you, and ye shall afflict your souls." We have been unfaithful to the high spirit of our forefathers; we have bartered the freedom they gave their lives to obtain for mere shekels of silver. All of us—"idle rich" as well as "laboring poor"—have sinned; and in this time of Leisure we must "highly resolve" to live new lives. Not by professions of faith, but by living of faith.

Our libraries are filled with Fourth of July professions, and yet our hearts continue to be broken by Fifth of July repudiations. Let us find out, on this day of Leisure, what it is that has ailed and is ailing us; why it is that we have gone wrong; and how we may regain our hearts and renew our hopes.

What, after all, is the one thing in which every man fulfils himself and takes most delight in doing? It is realizing his success by placing there, outside of him, his own creation for all to enjoy; it is "making good." This is what I mean by realizing ideals—it is man's evolution, by means of creation. To plant gardens where before there were deserts; to build cities on lonely prairies; to make highways of bridges from peak to peak; to embody hope-giving visions in poems and paintings; to rear true-hearted sons and daughters; these are the incarnations of his soul that stand for him and point to him as the maker of worlds. Thus is he the Master of Change, the filler of space with the stuff of Reality; thus he immortalizes himself, and thus he endures. He also can then look upon the work of his hands and say, "It is good." He can say it, because he has "made good." "Making good" is the free man's part—it is his happiness.

The "idle rich" are wretched, because they are not "making good." The "laboring poor" are unhappy, because they have not "made good." The "idle rich" are not "making good" because they do not use their time for creative ends. The "laboring poor" have not "made good" because they have not had the leisure in which to learn how to create. Yes, this "making good" is the only happiness, for it is consciousness of life itself. It is not experienced by the "idle rich" because they squander their life, and are, therefore, never conscious of life. It is not experienced by the "laboring poor" because they are not permitted to use their life; it is bought and sold for others' uses. They also are thus never conscious of what it is to live. This abuse of time is at the root of all human sorrow; life is then but a mere current of existence in which we are either drowned or made to serve as the planks of a raft on which others float.

Our freedom is a very Ariel of a sprite which has to be continually liberated from the cleft in the pine tree of sloth or it

will remain imprisoned by the witch of our contentment and complacent habit. There must be no idleness for the free man, or he will become the slave of his condition and the victim of the Caliban of capital and implacable selfishness. The dire foe of freedom is automatism, the mere response to stimuli from without; a blind unconscious movement, moving only by the compulsion inherent in life. Automata are the slaves of formulas, even of the formulas of freedom. But it is the mark of the truly free man that he is continually making fresh formulas, and in this way expressing his ever-evolving self; that he is continually striving to transcend his formulas, to translate them into fresh manifestations of life. The price of freedom is ceaseless activity and continued vigilance that we do not become imprisoned in our formulas of freedom; for there is no final formula of life. "The letter kills the spirit," says Bergson, with a profound application of the phrase. "And our most ardent enthusiasm, as soon as it is externalized into action, is so naturally congealed into the cold calculation of interest or vanity, that one takes so easily the shape of the other, that we might confuse them together, doubt our own sincerity, deny goodness and love, if we did not know that the dead retain for a time the features of the living." The dead are the lovely creations of our life of freedom which have become devitalized through our idleness and our sloth. We must see to it that we allow nothing to die; that the moment following the formulation of an activity shall be the moment for a new formulation of a new activity. That is what freedom compels if we are to continue free. And that is what we have never understood; and because we have not understood it we are now the slaves of circumstance, the slaves of system, and the slaves of ruthless power.

Our activities have been hitherto spasmodic and therefore cataclysmic. We moved only when we could no longer suffer imprisonment by imposed dogmas and ingrained habits. This was not living the free current and flux of life; it was to be flotsam and jetsam on the waves of its river, pieces of inert matter that interrupted the flow and impeded its progress. But the free man subdues circumstances by the profound power of the creative current of life which is passing through him. The free man is

"master of his fate and captain of his soul." He does not interrupt the flow, but willingly swims with it and willingly breasts its waves. This willing power is the creative activity in which the free man realizes his happiness; in which, indeed, he endures; it is Work, the Creator.

We can never understand the mystery of life, for we are in it; and to understand it means to get outside of it. But we can have faith in its fruitfulness for us, and in our happiness in it. Life itself assures us of this faith in our intuitive conviction of being able to "make good." Freedom confirms this assurance in that it gives us the right to "make good." It is the possibility of "making good" that life offers us that is so inspiring. It gives us Hope—not the hope of the drowning for aid, but the hope of the living for happiness in conscious free activity. Hope is thus the inward state of the soul which complements the outward state of the body known as freedom. Only a free people can hope; for only a free people have the chance to "make good." Hope is the movement of the soul to the making of ideas which freedom compels the body to make real. Hope is not a looking upward, for a looking upward is a reliance on another's strength; nor is it altogether a looking forward. It is partly that, but it is also a looking backward and a bending forward. It builds out of the débris of experience the images of beautiful things which it will ask the free body to make real. The Past never dies; it is the living womb of the Future; it lives to be the nourisher and sustainer of Hope. Hope is poised on the ramparts of the Past, and is eagerly bending forward to the opening of the Future into which it shall project the body. The ages are linked with each other—Past, Present and Future—living together in Hope. We see its simplest expressions in the wonderful solicitude of the plant for its seed, and again in the touching care of the animal for its young. And seeing it thus we come to realize what Love is; for thus realized Love is the fountain of Hope and the impulse of life; the cause of all causes.

If we ask now what we shall do with Leisure, I answer: Build hopes in it; grow ideas of beautiful things to be done by us in our hours of work; dream dreams of joyful homes for us to establish in our waking days of freedom; plan living methods for

schoolmasters and educators of the young; plant playgrounds in the centres of our cities and play there with the children, and only with children, so that we may keep young; wander by rippling brooks and under blue skies over "grassy vested greens," that we may learn to love nature and feel her response. We cannot hope and work at the same time, so we must have leisure which shall be the breeding-time of hope. If we are looking for immediate subject-matters for hope, I point to the condition of the poor, the condition of the laborer, the condition of women in our social life. But, more definitely, I point to the education of the children. It is too late now to hope much from those who have become moulded in the forms of custom, habit and cramping dogmas. All that we can do with them is to rouse them out of their dogmatic slumbers, and, if possible, move them by an appeal to their instinct of love for their children. It may be they will respond, if but out of fear for the future welfare of those of their own who are to live after them. With the young, however, it is otherwise. Here we have the very material for hope to work with. How to love them; how to grow them; how to inspire them with new hopes, and how to endow them with the gift of creative power; these are questions which Leisure will help us to answer. And all the Leisure of a generation to come will not be too long in which to find the right answers. We shall have done much if we find but the line of direction, the tendency of the right method. But let us first see to it that we are ourselves free to look for it; that we are not manacled by established convention, nor chained to the rock of condemning habit. When we are thus free our faith will rise up in us, our hope will impel us, and both faith and hope will ride buoyant on the life current of love.

It is the pathos of our present economic and social conditions that we, who see suffering and are suffering under them may not live to see realized the new conditions that will leave room for human happiness. But it is, nevertheless, a great joy for us to feel that we are helping the coming of the change. We are, like Moses, prevented by our disobedience to the laws of life from entering the Promised Land; but the redeeming love in our natures grants us the privilege to stand on the Pisgah height of our

leisure-built Hope and view the goodliness of the land from afar. If we may not enter it, we can, at any rate, make broad and firm the roads that lead to it, and so make easy the march of our children who are destined to inhabit it. On the road of Leisure we are pioneers through the Land of the Ideal, and some day, our children will found cities of freedom and happiness on the broad acres we have cleared. In the meantime, our hope fills us with courage, and we take heart in a new and an interesting enterprise—the adventure in search of buried treasure; the treasure that lies buried in life itself, and only awaits discovery in the work of our hands, in our realized ideals. If we do not find the treasure we shall, at least, have enriched ourselves with the experience of the voyage and the joy of dangers overcome, and in the end, perhaps, find that life was worth the living after all.

I seem to hear my critic saying: "What you urge is all very good, but it will take a long time to make civilized citizens for your civilized community. How is the poor man to be helped in the meantime?" I can only answer with another question: Will the poor man be worse off with Leisure than he is now without it? No one can help him if he will not help himself. If he is content to remain unhappy he, probably, finds some dull comfort in it, and in that case he will not thank us for disturbing him. But I do not believe that any citizen of these United States is that kind of a man. The history of this country would not be what it is were its people so utterly helpless. On the contrary, over and over again, they have never failed to respond highly when high issues were at stake; and they always made good. That is why Hope has a chance here that it has not in any other country. But this land is so goodly, so bountifully blessed with nature's richest gifts, that it is difficult for them to realize as yet that there is not enough for all. It is difficult for them to see that there is an economic problem pressing for solution, when they are blinded and misled by mountainous statistics which place their country at the head of the list in industrial prosperity and power. Their leaders are political party men who have the welfare of party more at heart than the happiness of the community; and these, for good reasons of their own, will never enlighten them if even they appreciate the existing situation.

And, indeed, there is no need for poverty or want and its consequent misery. There is enough and more, for all, if we will but see to it that each man has fair play and a square deal, and that the game of life be played according to the rules of honor. If Leisure be the gentleman's privilege, as we are told it is, let us all be gentlemen. Instead of competing against each other for the largest possession of wealth, let us compete for the best expression of self. Our public schools, colleges and universities are the proper places for obtaining the right understanding of this kind of competition; but, unfortunately, they are not so advantaged as to be freed from the dogmatism of system on the one hand, and the pressure of the demands of business life on the other. The humanities are sacrificed to the inhumanities, so that education is directed to fitting a young man for fighting others rather than for fighting himself—fulfilling himself. This system of making business soldiers out of our college undergraduates requires that the faculties be composed of professional drill sergeants, and that the presidents be executive business men. The undergraduate's sense of *noblesse oblige* is, therefore, neither stimulated by example nor nursed by tutorial companionship. Instead, he is taught to be alert and quick to seize an advantage and to keep it at any price; and his home life emphasizes this teaching. So that when, later, he takes his own place in the march of life, he is unable to impose the laws of honor in his business dealings, but falls in line with the rest and succeeds by taking advantage of others' failings rather than by any noble virtue of his own. Place a Harvard, a Yale or a Princeton graduate in Wall Street, or in business, or in any of the professions, and in six months he will either be a failure and move out West (where he ought to have gone at the outset), or he will be undistinguishable from the rest of the fighting, scrambling, chicaning crowd. It is not his fault; it is his misfortune, and our misfortune also. He is the product of the competitive system that makes things dear and human souls cheap—that sets more store on goods than it does on goodness. If only we placed more value on a soul than we do on a dollar, we should very quickly bring about such a redistribution of the necessaries of life as would make poverty impossible, and the

right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness a real possession.

And right here is the opportunity for the women of leisure, if they are truly in earnest in their desire to do something with their wealth of time. They can begin at the foundation, with the children before they are placed in the keeping of professional educators. They can make their homes sacred temples redolent of an atmosphere that will ever cling to their children wherever they go, and ever arouse memories in them that will stay them in their times of temptation and encourage them in their moments of despair. They can interest themselves also in the homes of the poor to see that the mothers there are assisted in nourishing the children, or that these children are provided with pure milk. They need not to establish new organizations, for the Children's Aid Society is a splendid existing organization. There is a large fund of living enthusiasm to draw from for this most necessary work, and if they will but enter into it in the right spirit, the coming generation will bless them. The right education of the poor children in our large cities is the one most crying need. Let them address themselves to that with their wonder-working power, and a fine beginning will have been made to the right use of their Leisure. We must not expect such work to be done by either the State or any public body. It will have to be carried on by private enterprise, and rightly so. For this is the one sure way by which practical ideals are finally precipitated. And it is good for the private people themselves that it should be so done. Self-forgetfulness in a noble enterprise is a fine habit to acquire; it makes gentlemen and gentlewomen. This is not the work for leaders or captains; it is the work for us all.

The reveille must be sounded by those in our own ranks who have not fallen asleep in the night. One bugle call here, another call there, a repeated call further beyond, and soon the hills will resound from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, and the people will know that it is morning; that the dawn of a new day has broken in which they will no longer stand by and quietly look on, but in which they will gird up their loins and fight the good fight, themselves.

THE FEMININE ACCENT

SHAEMAS O SHEEL

THIS is the day of the voice of woman: more so than woman herself knows, or many of her brothers understand. The clamor of the more-or-less militant claimant of the suffrage is indeed loud in the land, but how little is it realized as evidence of a tremendous sociological fact, the awakening of a feminine sex-consciousness. Still less realization is there that the world is preparing for a Messianic advent of the Woman-Spirit which is the gentler part of the human spirit, the part of love opposed to force; though some have foreseen and foretold this, among them Lafcadio Hearn and Fiona Macleod. But the voice of woman is more and more heard; in the chorus of poets, for instance, it is now familiar. Fifty years ago Mrs. Browning made Laura Savio of Turin say:

> "Yet I was a poetess only last year,
> And good at my art, for a woman, men said."

But modern Italy hardly qualifies its praise of Ada Negri by any such reservation as "for a woman." And where Mrs. Browning as a poet of first note was unique, Alice Meynell and Katharine Tynan and others are a numerous company. In America the poetess is a commonplace; alas! too often just that! But the first gathering has lately been presented of a young woman whose poems are not commonplace. They are not concerned at all with the awakening sex-consciousness, nor consciously with the Woman-Spirit as Savior, and they ask judgment in the scales of absolute poetry; yet the fine ultimate feeling one brings from reading them is a sense of the subtlety and beauty of the feminine accent.

More keen and more constant than man in her spiritual realizations, woman is also possessed of much greater spiritual courage. Modern man, swaying between the unrelenting inner consciousness of the spirit and the world's irreverence and infidelity, becomes apologetic and equivocal, or agitated, or stentorian, in his spiritual acknowledgments. Woman speaks of the same things with quiet certainty. The natural rôle of man as bread-

winner and conductor of the world's adventure and business has bred in him, under the seeming of force and directness, a vast timidity and indirectness; while woman, the weaker half, the real suitor in the relations of the sexes, has learned to be indirect in the superficial relations while retaining—as the lover who has awakened his lady's love soon learns—an absolute simplicity of directness in her deeper life. Contrasted with the poetry of women, the poetry of men is remarkable for its hesitancies, circumlocutions and elaborate displays of sophistication when it has aught to say of the spirit, aught to express of the emotions. Contrasted with the poetry of men, the poetry of women is remarkable for its quiet, simple, direct spiritual and emotional utterance, its unhesitant expression of what men fear as too naïve. This is the feminine accent. And this in a high degree is the mark of the poetry of Muriel Rice.

Not that so young a poet in her first volume * has presented startling or final work—except perhaps in one poem: Miss Rice is in no way or degree prodigious. But she is bound one with the greater women poets, for her qualities are plainly marked, and they are great qualities, and her craftsmanship is that of one who needs but practice for improvement; among other merits, she does not partake in the common faults of her greater sister-singers, prolixity and careless workmanship. Nor is she one of the numerous company, men and women, who concoct endless verses to meet the fashions and cajole the editors. A distinction, a positive promise, a fragrance of rareness, resides in her word and compels respect as it gives delight.

Respect and delight. Because this is true poetry: true to the heart of the poet. The woman of beautiful spirit speaking the simple, subtle seeming of life to herself: that always is poetry of the most incisive, of the most revealing. No excited interest in passing causes, no swaying to slogans and shibboleths, no aping of fashionable mannerisms; nothing hectic, nothing stilted; but truth absolute to her own spiritual sight and emotional knowledge. It is good to find God and prayer in these poems, not brought in ostentatiously, not apologized for, referred to naturally because the poet's woman's wisdom includes

* *Poems*, by Muriel Rice.

these things. It is good to find love treated with a terrible, utterly calm intensity; after all the sad things love has been used for in poetry. It is good to find the poet doing just what she is moved by her instinct for form to do in the matter of lyric forms; equally good that she avoids vain experiments and all exaggerations. It is good to go through her book as through a quiet valley beautiful everywhere, with not infrequent wonderful flowers, or pools of mysterious deeps, or, past the green hills that wall it, glimpses of great inspiring peaks; and beyond them, the stars. There is not much of romance here, not much casting of the soul's story into the fanciful mould of ancient story or the mould of brave unreality. The sense of heaven, the sweet fragrance of earth and its comforting solidity as well as its grace, the music of waters and the more delicate music of winds, these go with one through this lyric vale; but more than all, containing all, informing all, that finest and most beautiful of presences, a woman, intense of emotion to match her intensity of soul. And with that poignancy of simple direct utterance which it has been given the greater women poets, preëminently among all singers, to attain, this woman reveals, reticently but fully, certain actualities of the human heart and soul, love and weariness, pain and joy, despair and faith; making it beautiful and moving poetry. It is a revelation: the casting aside of veils from a woman's soul; a thing of brave, pure beauty.

I have pointed out that the intimacy of her poetry has not betrayed Miss Rice into prolixity or carelessness. In fact, a masterly conciseness has moulded all but two of these poems into the fewest possible lines; and of this intense compression many lines that gleam and astonish are born, as diamonds under the intensest pressure of earth's processes. There are no dreary passages, or but the fewest; and poignant, memorable expression is everywhere. In the poem called *Love's Passing* occurs this:

> "There was no press and anguish of a fray,
> But heaven left us in an interval";

and that entitled *Intimations* ends with the phrase:

> ". . . that utter quiet of the heart
> That looks undaunted at eternity."

To quote more of the same quality would be to quote too many, for there are not a few, but a pressing company of such. To show, however, the peculiar feminine accent even more strongly I will cite some further instances. Only a woman could have written "God laughs along my prayers"—as only a woman could have written the poem in which they occur, *What Is Thy Will?* The verses called *Aversion,* those entitled *The Last Gifts, Recognition,* and several other poems have an intensity and an evident intimacy no man could put into his verses. Where so many may be cited, one quotation must suffice. It is called *Fear and Trust.*

"I feared you to the limits of myself,
And that is why I trust you. Do you think,
When I have laid my soul within your hands
And bowed so low that even mighty God
Could scarcely bend me lower, that your word
Can fright me now? You have not strength to harm
Even the lowest reaches of my hair
With eyes or lips or fingers——"

A little poem; a simple poem; not the best of this sheaf; but feminine utterly in its mingled courage and tremulousness, in its dependence on the simple intensity of its emotional content, in its quiet deep revelation of the heart and soul of woman. Such are the qualities of all or nearly all the poems in this book. There are faults, of course. Miss Rice has dallied almost too much with certain French forms—whether villanelles or rondels or triolets I confess I cannot say—but that is a common fault of youth and in this case easily amended. There is at least one unnecessary poem, *The Alpine Longing;* and an occasional phrase like "and your heart strings rend" is a serious blemish; but there are only two or three such blemishes in the whole of a volume of exceeding fine craftsmanship.

LONDON AND THE CORONATION

SYDNEY BROOKS

NEVER has the overwhelmingness of London and London life seemed so palpable or so oppressive as at this moment. The "season" is in full swing; we have a political and constitutional revolution in progress, complete in everything save barricades and bloodshed; the Imperial Conference is sitting; of pageants, fêtes, banquets, concerts, tournaments, horse shows, operas, picture exhibitions, dinners, balls, receptions, race meetings, naval and military reviews, there is no end; the streets and the parks and the shops are fuller and more brilliant than I have ever known them; and if a London-lover somewhat resents the poles and scaffolding, the "grand stands" and decorations, the arches and garlands that are lending a fantastic and incongruous touch to the dim griminess of his cherished city, he finds also much to compensate and console him, many moving spectacles and unexpected splashes of color—here, on Regent Street, a rainbow-hued Indian soldier, majestically isolated, majestically unnoticed; there, on Piccadilly, a British "Tommy" acting as guide, philosopher and friend to a couple of dusky Cingalese; somewhere else, the gold and white, the scarlet or purple, of an Indian Prince's bodyguard; now, a mixed and glittering troop of Sikhs, Goorkhas and Punjabis "doing" London under the guidance of an English officer; everywhere, royal carriages with coachmen and grooms in scarlet livery driving Rajahs in light-blue silk, or Moorish envoys in snowy white, or the resplendent heirs to four-fifths of the thrones of Europe and Asia. The social strain is terrific; one misses half a dozen functions for every one that is attended; no one, and least of all the responsible statesmen of the Empire, has any time to think. Yet it is on such occasions that London, after all, is most herself and that one is positively grateful for the long chapter of accidents and events that have made her not only the biggest but the most comprehensive capital in the world. Her absorbent magnetism is not, to be sure, at all times and under all circum-

stances, a good thing either for herself or for the nation. London not only dominates England, but overpowers it and in a measure devitalizes it. In the United States there is no capital of anything like the ascendency of London or Paris or even Berlin. But there are also no provinces. England undoubtedly pays a heavy toll for the irresistible attractiveness of London in the comparative dulness of English life outside the four-mile radius. The city more than presides, it tyrannizes, over its hinterland. It is not merely an incubus, it is almost a monopoly. An American capital of even half its size and wealth and power is a legal impossibility; it would be dissolved by the Supreme Court under the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. But at a time like this one is content not to look too narrowly into the social, political, intellectual or other effects of London's immensity. One accepts and welcomes and enjoys it, without any obstinate questionings, just as it is—the gorgeous, mellow supplanter of Paris in the social primacy of Europe, the world's centre for every form of art, amusement and intellectual diversion, the capital not only of the Kingdom but of the Empire, the seat of the Legislature, the home of Royalty, and the scene of the thousand and one festivities and ceremonies that, in a Coronation year especially, go with and branch out from the presence of a Court. One does not stop to inquire whether it is proper and wholesome that practically all the creative and all the critical power of the country should be heaped together in this one city. One simply plunges into the incomparable—literally incomparable since the fall of the Second Empire—richness and variety of its social life; one steeps oneself in its tolerant, unquestioning, easy spirit. London's code is as spacious as any society's must be which has agreed that "live and let live" is the king of social oils. It is the most forgiving, the most informal, the most equable and unconcerned of cities, and, next to New York, the most callous. Old, complex and experienced, it has a half-cynical, half-charitable, wholly good-humored pardon for almost every breach of etiquette, decorum or morals. And that, whatever else one might say of it, is at least a free and comfortable atmosphere to have round one. The art of life London has always had; she is showing just now, on a splendid and memorable

scale, that she has also the art of public pageantry and rejoicing; and the result, for the time being, is to place her beyond criticism.

In the few and brief intervals that can be spared from the engrossment of domestic politics, private entertainments and public functions, all London—and London for the moment is synonymous with England—is religiously talking Empire. The Imperial Conference, the fourth of its kind, is now in session and all the Premiers of the self-governing British Dominions beyond the seas are taking part in it. There is not quite the same popular interest felt in its proceedings as there was in 1897, in 1902, and in 1907. The Boer war and King Edward's Coronation lent to the Conference of 1902 an extraordinary enthusiasm; 1897 was the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, when also the tides of patriotic emotion ran flood-high; and in 1907 the advent of the Liberals to power and the complication of the fiscal issue stimulated an additional curiosity. This year British affairs are in a state of such amazing chaos that the nation has little inclination to busy itself with any but domestic problems. The Coronation, moreover, operates rather as a competitor than as an adjuvant to the Conference; there is no outstanding figure among the Colonial Premiers; we have seen nearly all of them before and know pretty well what are their views and personalities. This is not at all a bad thing. These Conferences ought to stand on their own merits and be independent of adventitious excitements. To a large extent this one does so stand, and there is not the least reason to think that it will therefore be less productive than its predecessors. If the general interest in its discussions is less exuberant than four or nine years ago, it must not be assumed that it is non-existent. On the contrary, it is very much alive and operative. The average Englishman's conception of the Empire does not go very far beyond a vague pride of ownership, but that pride of ownership is sufficient to make him genuinely Imperial. There is a quite distinct consciousness in all classes of society that these gatherings of the leaders of the self-governing sister-nations for consultation under the family roof-tree are a spectacle unparalleled in history. If the knowledge of the precise problems they meet to deal with is capricious and slight, all Englishmen are at any rate at one

in recognizing their transcendent importance; all feel that there is no such question in the whole sphere of British politics as this of drawing tighter the bonds of Empire; all agree that Imperial consolidation is the master-issue before the British peoples; all hope and work for a time when the several States of the Empire, however independent in their local affairs, however dissimilar in some of their institutions, shall yet form, for certain purposes, one body politic and in their relations with the rest of the world shall take rank as a single, solid unit in the society of States.

That unquestionably is the ideal toward which the British Empire is slowly, cumbrously moving. But the path is sown with obstacles, and there are even aspects in which one would hesitate to say that the impulse toward federation is stronger than the impulse toward separation. At present the British Empire is little more than a glittering abstraction. Parts of it correspond to the old Roman idea of a great central State, ruling with absolute, if benignant, despotism a vast number of varied and scattered dependencies. Other parts of it, and these the most vital to the future of the race, correspond to nothing that has ever existed. If you look solely at the relations that obtain between Great Britain and India, for example, or the Malay States, or almost any of the Crown Colonies, you feel yourself in the presence of an organized system. But if you look at the relations that obtain between Great Britain and Canada or Australia or South Africa or New Zealand, you feel yourself in the presence of no system at all. The Empire in this latter aspect presents itself as a haphazard congeries of States, three-quarters independent, and linked neither to one another nor to the motherland by any but the most casual and decorative bonds. There is, indeed, the silken thread of the Crown running through them all. But there is no unity of defence, no policy of commercial preference, no machinery for coöperative action, no visible organic unity. It is an Empire in feeling perhaps, but not in fact. The self-governing Dominions, almost without exception, tax British goods as they tax the goods of foreigners. Great Britain shoulders almost the whole burden of Imperial defence. The relations between the autonomous and the despotically governed portions of the Empire are guided by no settled principle of def-

erence to Imperial interests. South Africa maltreats Indian immigrants, Australia and British Columbia exclude and incense the Japanese, without a thought of how such action may affect the wider issues of Imperial policy. Canada and Australia are creating, or are about to create, navies of their own which they are by no means willing to place without restrictions at the disposal of the British Admiralty. A nation cannot have a navy without also having a foreign policy of its own; and the time may soon be coming, unless statesmanship can find the means of averting it, when the five self-governing Dominions within the Empire will have five different sets of foreign interests, safeguarded and extended by five different policies, and enforced by five different navies. The mere possibility of such a development is enough to show that the British Empire is a fabric susceptible to no analogy. Among all the political phenomena that the world has yet witnessed it is unique; unique in its anomalies, its contradictions, its innumerable confusions, its sense of an underlying sentiment of unity not yet expressed, perhaps inexpressible, in formal arrangements and tangible bonds.

One of the great difficulties in giving to the Empire a coherence and symmetry and effectiveness it does not now possess is that the last thing the self-governing Dominions desire is any multiplication of official ties. British Imperial history is one long surrender of such ties, a continuous progress toward freedom from the interference of Downing Street and the Colonial Office. No Canadian or Australian statesman would now have it otherwise, any more than he would consent to have his tariff dictated by the British Treasury or his unoccupied lands handed over to the Crown. All direct profit from, and all direct control over, her colonies Great Britain has long ago relinquished, and the result is a relationship which, however offensive to the mathematicians of politics, has this grand virtue—it has made for loyalty and content; it has diminished, almost eliminated, the chance of serious friction; it has established a progressive ratio between the devotion of the colonies to England and England's non-interference in colonial affairs. And as the over-sea Dominions develop and prosper, evolving a national consciousness and a national tradition of their own, their feeling of dependence

upon Great Britain dwindles and their determination to carve out their future in their own way becomes all the more firmly fixed. These are developments that, I think, make a final end of the old idea of calling in the representative principle as a solution of the problem of Empire. The notion of an Imperial Council, a sort of Parliament of the Empire, legislating on such affairs as are common to each portion of it, is now thoroughly exploded. At the same time it is clear that if the Empire is to act as an effective unit, some better means must be found by which its various parts can keep in touch and consult with one another than a quadrennial Conference, sitting for three or four weeks, and grappling with a host of stupendous problems that are brought before it with a wholly inadequate preparation. What seems to be needed is some perpetual Imperial bureau, composed of representatives from the Dominions as well as from the mother-country, collecting all the necessary information and data in regard to Imperial problems, and suggesting policies which it will be for the separate Legislatures to accept or reject.

There are, however, many other roads to federation besides this one of politics and machinery. There is, for instance, the road of trade. Follow that road a certain distance and you find it forking off into three pathways. One points to an Imperial Zollverein, such as exists in Germany and the United States—an arrangement, that is to say, by which all the constituent parts of the Empire shall enjoy unrestricted free trade among themselves and impose a uniform tariff on foreign goods and products. The second pathway points to an Imperial Customs Union, each member of which shall have free trade with all the others and at the same time be at liberty to fix what tariff it pleases on foreign imports. Both these pathways are now practically deserted and for the same reason: the Dominions cannot afford to have their nascent manufactures nipped by the unrestricted competition of British goods, and England cannot afford to imperil her vast foreign trade by adopting protection. There remains the pathway, for an advance along which Mr. Chamberlain has boldly and eloquently pleaded, of Imperial Preference—a series of reciprocity agreements by which British manufactures would enter the markets of the Dominions, and the

products and raw material of the Dominions would enter the British market, at preferential rates. The British electorate has thrice rejected that policy and so long as the Liberals are in power it may be considered out of court. It was rejected because its all-round application would mean not only a tax on meat and corn, but the resurrection in these islands of the whole system of Protection. No one, however, regards that rejection as final. So long as the Tariff issue remains one of the foremost questions in British politics, so long must Imperial Preference be considered a possibility. That it will be given a serious trial before another decade has passed is extremely probable. Admirably as the Liberals have managed the affairs of the nation during the past five years, their lease of power cannot last indefinitely; and the moment the Unionists return to office Imperial Preference will be taken in hand.

Apart from commerce, the most hopeful and the most necessary stepping-stone to Imperial Federation is that of defence. As the international pressure increases it will be seen that the British Empire cannot be a unit in any vital sense unless and until its naval and military power is organized on a common basis and is prepared to act in time of war under a single direction. This is perhaps the most urgent and fundamental question which the present Conference is called upon to consider. But beyond that there are many other ways in which the unity of the Empire might be encouraged without being unduly forced. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, for instance, grasped the importance of making England the educational centre of the Empire and the idea behind his famous bequest has not yet by any means been worked out to its fullest capacity. Much, too, might be done for the organized provision of information as to markets, commodities and modes of manufacture throughout the Empire. Commercial legislation, patents, copyright, trade-marks, naturalization, the appointment and activities of consuls, post and cable service and communications, shipping dues, the currency, weights and measures, and emigration, are all matters susceptible to a more or less uniform treatment. In each of these directions a certain advance has already been made and the pace during the next few years is likely to be quickened. The mere expansion

of the over-sea Dominions, their growth in wealth and population, their increasing commercial relations with other countries, and the many points at which they now impinge upon international politics are leading up to a situation that has in it few elements of permanence and that must develop either in the direction of a closer union or in that of a gradual disintegration.

Besides the Imperial Conference, there are three other matters that are occupying the spare thoughts of Englishmen. One is the political crisis which, though drawing to its close, is not yet finally settled. The other is the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty, as to which I need only say that the difficulties in the way of such an automatic and comprehensive Treaty as Mr. Taft originally outlined do not come from us and that the compact cannot be too broad or embrace too much to please the British Government and the British people. The third subject, and the one that most engrosses attention, is, of course, the Coronation itself. King George has now been over a year on the British throne and there is only one opinion as to how he has conducted himself. The simplicity and honesty of the man have made a deep impression on the mind and heart of his subjects. He has conquered both his shyness and his aversion from public functions; the obstinacy with which he used to be credited has been as little discernible as his legendary Toryism; free and voluble of speech in private life he has yet managed to avoid any indiscretions; his good sense and judgment, his kindliness, his indefatigable devotion to all the duties of his post, and his capacity for taking the unexpected initiative, have utterly disposed of the once common idea that his was a negative and colorless personality; British through and through, he has immensely gratified the old aristocracy by cutting loose from the German-Jewish capitalist set with whom King Edward rather too openly mingled; the Court to-day, under his auspices, is as brilliant and active as it was in the last reign but stricter and more conventional, with a strictness and conventionality that may make the West End gird a little, but is not really displeasing to the masses of the English people. Altogether, although King George is never likely to be as popular as was King Edward, and has few of the small arts of ingratiation, his character and mode

of life have revealed a Sovereign who will never have much difficulty in making a successful appeal to the quieter sentiments of his subjects. Very much the same, too, may be said of Queen Mary. Her sumptuary edicts against low-necked, short-sleeved afternoon gowns, against tight skirts and cart-wheel hats, have drawn upon her the derision of the "smart set," and a certain stiffness and passivity of demeanor will probably always prevent her from winning the same abundance of affection that was showered upon Queen Alexandra. But the English are a serious people with a passion for respectability and a sincere regard for the domestic virtues and in all these respects Queen Mary hits their taste precisely. After a year's experience of their new rulers Englishmen feel that their Coronation is an event to be participated in with sentiments of the heartiest regard and the most sincere loyalty.

THE FAULT OF IT

EZRA POUND

"Some may have blamed you—"

SOME may have blamed us that we cease to speak
Of things we spoke of in our verses early,
Saying: a lovely voice is such and such;
Saying: that lady's eyes were sad last week,
Wherein the world's whole joy is born and dies;
Saying: she hath this way or that, this much
Of grace, this little misericorde;
Ask us no further word;
If we were proud, then proud to be so wise
Ask us no more of all the things ye heard;
We may not speak of them, they touch us nearly.

EDITORIAL NOTES

WHEN Sir Edward Grey made his speech in the British House of Commons, on March 13, responding to President Taft's far-reaching suggestion that the principles of arbitration should be extended widely and wisely, he did not ignore the difficulties that would inevitably arise. He knew that millions of people who profess to be both civilized and Christian do not comprehend the mere rudiments of Christian or civilized conduct. They are hypocrites of the most harmful type—the type that does not recognize its true description. In the name of respectability and common sense, they oppose every fine idea and ridicule every movement toward progress. In the name of expediency, and with a sneering reference to "Utopianism," they cling to their petty jealousies and applaud the strifemongers and the professional jingoists. The little intellect and the loud voice were ever popular with this stagnant class, which will not see that the world is moving on, and that man, who claims to have been made in the likeness of God, is striving to realize that image more and more, and to be no longer a gross caricature. But the stubborn and the ungrown are still powerful, and so the British Foreign Secretary admitted that the fulfilment of the project might not come in this generation. Yet he was not afraid to go forward, preferring the large idea and a generous enthusiasm to parochial selfishness and inaction.

Events have marched more rapidly than he expected, though not more favorably than he had hoped. Already a treaty based on comprehensive lines has been drafted, and already other nations have shown their faith in the movement and their desire to extend it. It is no surprise to find that France has welcomed the opportunity, and it is a happy augury that the three nations which shared in the momentous war provoked by the Ministers of George III, should at the Coronation of George V be considering earnestly an agreement for securing permanent peace.

But there is danger that the complete significance of the movement may be overlooked. The collective public opinion

which has risen beyond the standards of the stupid or unseeing individuals of each nation, must not be allowed to fall again. We have gone so far toward an achievement that will make this year forever memorable, that we cannot be content with any compromise, any less result than an agreement that shall completely exclude war, between Great Britain, France, and this country, at least. And even with this accomplished, there will remain the great but not insoluble problem of reducing armaments. As Baron d'Estournelles de Constant explains clearly in the article that opens this number, the solution depends on Berlin and Paris. Let France and Germany recognize that this is the Twentieth Century, not the Tenth; and look forward to the promise of the future, not to the mistakes of the past.

* * *

THE passing of a strong man is always an event; and no one could regard without interest the political downfall and expatriation of Porfirio Diaz. It remains to be seen whether Mexico will profit by his exclusion, or whether the old story of rival generals and constant disorder will be repeated until the advent of another autocrat, strong enough to crush opposition and to secure at any rate some continuity of policy, though not of political freedom. There are many legends about the late Dictator; he has been regarded variously in all the degrees from a Machiavellian criminal to the patriotic savior of his country, the reorganizer of her finances and industries and her preserver from anarchy. He has certainly had a long as well as a great opportunity to train his countrymen in the comprehension of liberty and democratic institutions, and to establish a stable government, which would not fall to pieces with his own removal. For the man who makes himself indispensable is a failure. Since 1876, when he was first elected, Porfirio Diaz held power continuously, with the exception of the four years from 1880-1884. He has therefore been the master of Mexico for over thirty years. His original declaration against reëlection was not long sustained. In his second term the Constitution was amended to allow the President two consecutive terms; in his third period, every limitation was abolished by Congress, and he remained firmly

fixed on the presidential throne—for only the insignia of Imperialism were lacking. Undoubtedly, as permanent ruler he did much for the apparent prosperity of his country; but to imagine that Mexico has enjoyed a republican form of government would be foolish. Perhaps President Diaz felt that his countrymen were not yet able to exercise intelligently the rights of citizenship, and that it was his duty to prevent them from making mistakes by assuming sole responsibility for all executive, judicial and legislative requirements. Yet the man who during thirty years of absolute power has built up no system which will work without his personal direction, has little claim to be regarded as a patriot and a statesman. Porfirio Diaz considered that he was indispensable to his country. Perhaps he was. If so, it is his greatest condemnation—that he should have crushed in their weakness those national tendencies toward freedom and self-government, which he might have guided to maturity and strength.

* * *

THE subtle "legal" mind, trained to distinguish the essential from the irrelevant and to appreciate the value of clearness and accuracy, has a curious tendency to express itself so that it can be misunderstood with the least possible difficulty. It is therefore not astonishing that the decisions of the Supreme Court with regard to the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts should be so worded that after long discussion their meaning is still in doubt. If the great corporations are merely to dissolve nominally and reorganize themselves under the direction of skilled lawyers, it is not easy to see that the law has been adequately vindicated. In any case, it is of grave importance that the Supreme Court should have assumed both legislative and administrative functions; for both are assuredly implied in the decisions. The point is not whether the nation will benefit by the innovations; but whether this precedent for the indirect revision of the Constitution shall be accepted. It is a thankless task to criticise when a Court of Justice begins to talk of "reason" instead of technical quibbles; yet it would seem that the Sherman Anti-Trust law has been amended—though not by Congress; while the terms of the decisions are quite clear, at least, in this—

that they involve methods and measures of reconstruction which only an administrative body could define or supervise; and as the Supreme Court alone can interpret its decisions authoritatively, in the final resort it alone can decide whether the terms of its judgments have been complied with; in other words, it must take into cognizance purely executive matters, as it has already assumed what are really legislative powers.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, made one notable statement in introducing his Budget for the year. He said: "I believe that the Navy expenditure has reached its climax." This is extremely important, in connection with Sir Edward Grey's activity and the general movement toward peace and the reduction of armaments. If words are to be followed by deeds, there is hope that Europe will soon be shamed into abandoning the childish belligerence which seems so incongruous in these days of finer effort and clearer insight. The policy of France is already firmly settled: defence, but never aggression. No country has been more susceptible to the so-called glory of arms; no country has paid more heavily than she for her dreams, her triumphs, and defeats. Her manhood has not even now recovered from the insatiable demands of the first Napoleon; the armies of boys that were drafted to supply food for powder in his later campaigns, removed a generation that has not yet been replaced. But prosperity has come to the country; nowhere are the people more industrious, and nowhere is wealth more evenly distributed. Her deliberate policy—the policy of the nation, and not merely of the Government—is peace. Italy, which so recently celebrated the jubilee of her national unity, has no dreams of war, which could bring her nothing but disaster. England needs no new colonies; her work is to establish securely, without dictation, the vast federation of self-governing States that her policy has fostered, and to deal with her own political and terrible social problems. Spain, recovering rapidly from anæmia, has no foreign policy, apart from Morocco; her internal development, and the status of the Church and the monarchy, are her special problems. Austria-

Hungary, with her aged Emperor, waits for events; she will not initiate them. Germany, Russia and Turkey are the unresolved factors. All depends upon Germany. She has inflexibly carried out a policy of preparation. She has set the standard by which armaments must be measured. Will she take the responsibility of rejecting the present opportunity, when the public opinion of the world is focussed in the direction of peace? Will not her statesmen rather join hands with the great men whose names will stand out in history, accepting the truism that national feuds are as foolish as personal feuds, and can no longer be permitted in a civilized society?

* * *

WHERE women differ, it is not always expedient for men to agree; hence the suffragist problem. The solution—in America, at least—is quite simple. The campaign has been conducted here on very different lines from those adopted, in good faith but bad taste, in England; yet the methods have been faulty. It must be quite obvious to Miss Inez Milholland and her earnest colleagues that American men would never oppose any united demand of the women. It is not even a matter of right or wrong, of conversion or aversion. If American women combine in a sincere demand for any privilege, real or imaginary, it will certainly be conceded to them. There is no need for the suffragists to attempt to convince men of the justice of their claims. Let them convince their sisters. Much work has been done in this direction, but the anti-suffragettes are still active, enthusiastic, and very numerous. When they have been persuaded to join the ranks of the reformers and a united front can be presented in any State, the vote will follow as a matter of course; and so, State by State, all restrictions will be removed. The antagonism between the sexes that has frequently been suggested, and sometimes unpleasantly accentuated, could very well be dropped as a battle-cry. Its use reveals inferior intelligence or peculiarly unhappy experience. The real antagonism—the only antagonism needing consideration—is that between the women. When this is removed, there will no longer be any suffragist problem.

THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION

BEING THE LOVE STORY OF AN UGLY MAN

E. Temple Thurston

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

IT was the first, the very first, day of spring.

A little nursemaid had wheeled her pram down the path where I was sitting. She was one of those rosy-cheeked creatures who come up from the country to grow pale in London, just as the flowers come up of a morning to Covent Garden and wither perhaps before the night is out. She must have been very new to it all, for she had all the country freshness about her still. Her cheeks glowed in the quick, bright air. Her hair blew loosely over her forehead—through the stray, fine threads of it her eyes danced, glittering with youth. I remember now of what it must have reminded me. You have seen those spiders' webs, caught on the points of furze which, early on a crisp May morning, glisten with drops of dew? Those eyes of hers through her hair reminded me of that. And as she passed me by, leaning forward again and again to whisper to that fat, round baby in the pram, she chanced to look at me.

You must take my word for it that it was not from any thwarted desire to draw her into conversation that the expression in those eyes of hers chilled me. That a woman looks her disapproval of you can be borne. But it is hard to bear, that look in a woman's eyes which sees you not at all; when in one woman's face you read the disapproval of her whole sex.

I don't know why it should have struck me so strangely that morning, for I am used to it by now. I have known it so long. In any case, it is not a thing to talk about. You have it there in that nursery maid's eyes. I am an ugly devil, not even with that ugliness which pleads a charm to many a woman's heart. I

am an ugly devil, and that is all there is about it. The only creatures who have ever gazed at me as though I were the image of God were my mother and my dog. The one is dead. I have only to stretch down my hand from my chair and the other will gaze at me in such fashion now. He sat upon a chair next to me that morning and, as I paid his penny to the collector, he gave me a glance from his brown eyes which I chose to take for gratitude. He thanked me—why not? He had not got any pennies with him. There are times when I am that way myself.

Now, when the nursery maid's eyes had passed me over, they looked at Dandy and her whole expression changed. I caught the sign of friendliness, the gentle come-hitherly glance which I know is the first step in those little adventures leading to chance acquaintanceship. For that look he would have spoken to her had he been a man—by reason of that look, had he been a man, she would have answered him. As it was, only his tail wagged; but she did not see that. And so she passed on while Dandy and I sat gazing after her.

"There's nothing more lonely, Dandy," said I, "in this world than a lonely man."

Dandy stretched out a paw for my hand. He kept beating the air until he got it. When I felt his cold little pads in my palm, I added an amendment—"Unless it be a dog that is lost."

Dandy was sharing my mood with me that morning. So fast as depression set in upon me, so surely did his little ears droop down, his head hang lower and his tail fall limp. Why, even when some beautiful lady smiled at him as she passed, he turned away. I would have sworn he closed his eyes.

"My God," said I, in a supreme effort, "this'll never do," and at that moment came my doctor through the Park. I held up my hand in salute. It was more than a salute. I beckoned him to stop and speak to me. He got down from his car; came across and sat beside me.

"Lazy, lucky devil," said he.

I nodded my head. All men call me that.

"Do you ever give consultations in a place like this?" I asked.

He would have made me a professional answer had I not stopped him.

"Talk away," said he, and I talked.

It is marvellous how subtle and how eloquent one can be over the description of one's ills when there is really nothing the matter at all. I talked for ten minutes.

"It comes to this," said I, in conclusion, "every man jack of us is over-civilized. We're like a breed of race-horses that has outbred the strain which made it famous. We're over-bred."

He nodded.

"The worst of consultation in a place like this," said he, "is that I can't look at your tongue."

I don't suppose that Dandy heard this. In any case the sun was burning down on his head. Whichever it was, a broad smile wrinkled his face and his tongue lolled out. I pointed to him.

"You can look at that," said I; "we live the same sort of lives. Nothing the matter with that, is there?"

"Well—of course—it's an obvious thing to say," he began.

"I want a change?"

"That's it. A complete change of place."

"You're wrong," said I. "I want a complete change of time. I want to go back to a hundred years ago."

"Yes," he agreed, "better still, but I can't advise you how to get there. No—look here—it's not too late. Run off to Italy for a week or two—drop down into Sicily—take your time over it—get out of the train and walk if you like—and don't go alone."

"I shouldn't," said I.

"You know of someone?"

I looked down at Dandy. Dandy looked up at me.

"But I shan't go," I said. "You haven't diagnosed the disease. You don't seem to realize the worst symptom of it all."

"What's that?" he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I'm an ugly devil," said I.

CHAPTER II

ITALY was no good to me. I had done it all before. There are not many corners in Europe of which Dandy and I are ignorant. I have seen his little footmarks in the snow and the dust in places where few of your so-called travelled folk have ever been. For my sake he has cheerfully suffered quarantine in half the ports of the south. I know Odessa as if I had been born there, waiting for Dandy's release. And when at last he did come out, a mere shadow of what he was, his ribs, a scale of them, protruding from his sides, he executed so violent a war dance of joy as exhausted all the strength left in him. In two minutes he was lying breathless in my arms.

I swore to him it should never happen again. "A man wouldn't put up with it, Dandy," said I. "Why should you?"

I think he saw the force of it all at the time; but when a few months of good feeding had gone by and I was for setting off East once more, he had forgotten all about Odessa.

"No, you're not coming this time," I said to him. He shook his tail and laughed. He didn't believe me. "Oh—that's all very well," I went on, "but remember that God-forsaken spot, Odessa." If you please, he laughed again. "I don't care," said I. "You're not coming. Get off that box, it's going to the station."

In time he began to realize it. There came a gradual dropping about his ears. He found his coat-brush in the corner where it always was. His leash was still hanging in the hall. I could see him thinking it out, with a puzzled frown between his eyes as if he were saying—"There's some mistake. He forgets I went with him last time—of course, there's some mistake"—whereat, half-convincing himself that there was, his ears pricked up and he began his get-ready-to-go-out dance, a wild exhibition of terpsichorean art, on his hind-legs.

"You're not coming, Dandy," said I, and I looked him steadily in the eyes. At last he knew, and I had to turn away. It was too piteous, the expression then that twisted his face.

With his tail a limp and a foolish-looking thing, he stood

upon the doorstep and saw me drive off. I waved a hand out of the window at him, but I could not look back.

It was that wave of the hand that did it. He knew I had been playing him a joke. There I was, beckoning to him just before it was too late and, roaring with laughter—so I am told—to think how nearly I had taken him in, he leapt after me.

When I got out of the taxi at Victoria, to my amazement, there he was, splashed with mud behind our wheels from nose to tail.

"A jolly good joke!" he roared. "A jolly good joke! I knew there must have been some mistake." And so there was, but the poor little devil had to pay for it at Algiers.

What good then was Italy to us after such journeys as these? We walked back home to lunch that morning, Dandy forlorn, I with the taste of envy still lingering in my mind.

How can I explain? Life has never reached me. No woman has ever come to me in trouble—and that is part of life; no man has ever told the story of a love affair to me in the whole course of my existence. Whenever a man sees me he slaps me on the back; whenever I meet a woman whom I know, she pats Dandy on the back instead. And to suggest Italy for such a disease as that!

A night or two later, I strolled into a restaurant where occasionally I sup alone. The young man and the young woman go there. Corks fly out of bottles and laughter flies after them. Sometimes there I can imagine I have never seen forty, and when I assure myself that I am forty-three, it seems nothing—nothing at all. The waters of Lethe are in the very finger-bowls on their tables, though often indeed, as I have rubbed it on my lips, it seems I have tasted the waters of Marah. That night after supper, I sat in the lounge outside, taking my coffee. At the other end of the settee I had chosen sat a woman of twenty-eight, listening patiently to the egotism of a boy of twenty-six. Here and there she placed a word with cunning knowledge of his kind. Now and again she laughed, when immediately rose his empty bark above it. At times he laughed all by himself.

"I suppose I shall have to marry her one of these days and settle down," I heard him say, and from that moment my ears

caught no sound other than their two voices; his in limping, stilted narrative, hers in encouraging assent.

It was a story no man has the right to tell. Told to a woman, it set the blood racing in my veins till it tingled hot and furious in my very fingers. It seemed he had been to the West Indies, trading in what I don't know and care less. And there, no doubt, with what we call the superiority of our European civilization, he had captured the affections of a planter's daughter.

I caught her name, just her Christian name, as he disclosed it. Clarissa—only Clarissa—I heard no more. He was one of those youths who must give you names to make his story true. And how Clarissa loved him! Behind all his boasting and that barking laugh of his, I could see how well she loved him too. Could it have been anything but love that had brought her from her sunny islands to that gray land of Ireland where he had taken her?

I thought of Mary Queen of Scots, exiled from her golden France to those dim mists of Scotland, the greatest tragedy the world has ever seen. Only the need of history to make this as great a tragedy as well.

In the care of his two aunts he had placed her.

"And there she'll have to stay for some time. She wants educating," said he, and forthwith he proceeded to recount her little ignorances, her little follies, her little mistakes, at each of which he threw back his head and laughed.

"She knows nothing," he continued; "not that I think a woman ought to know much. But she knows absolutely nothing. I had thoughts of her coming over here to school. But she's too old for that; besides, she's nicely tucked away there in Ballysheen."

The name struck quickly on my ears. Ballysheen? Why was it familiar? One of those tricks of sense, perhaps. You know an Irish name anywhere. But I had no inclination then to follow it out. I beckoned my waiter for another Kümmel. My empty glass betokened idleness. I could see the woman's eyes wandering in my direction. The man would never have suspected me of listening, for when a man tells a story, the sound of

it absorbs him. Women, I find, are different. They are ever aware of the thousand things about them.

"How is she going to be taught?" she asked when her suspicions were allayed by the filling of my glass.

He inhaled deeply of his cigarette and slowly blew out the smoke between pursed lips. "Oh—they'll teach her," said he.

And they—were his two maiden aunts. From his ill-phrased description of them, I could see it all. He had caught a bird of brilliant plumage in the wild heart of a tropic forest, and to a cage one foot by three he had brought her; a cage hung in some dull drab room, where never the light of the sun could enter. Behind the bars of their little bigotries and their little prejudices, this poor untamed creature was beating her tired wings, or she was sitting there waiting with watching eyes for him to return and marry her.

It was not the manner of his telling that made the story real.

It was the place. That glare of lights, those sinuous sounds of music that crept upon one's ears, all the blatant artificiality of it, and this casual narrative told with a laugh and a glass to the lips! You hear strange conversations in public places; but I had never heard anything more strange than this.

Her father was wealthy, so it seemed. It was this that had attracted him to the match.

"She'll have ten thousand, when we marry," he continued; "worth thinking about, you know. And more when her father dies. But there's one ghastly drawback. I got used to it over there; but since I've been back in England—talking, for instance, to women like yourself—I sometimes wonder how the devil I'm going to do it."

I held my breath and strained my ears to listen. It is when you know what is coming that you are keenest of all to hear.

"You don't mean to say she's black?" said his companion, in horror.

Back went his head and he laughed right down my spine.

"Good Lord! No! You don't think any amount of money would tempt me to marry a black, do you? I hate that sort of thing as much as anybody. No, she's beautiful enough, but she's

colored. There's the strain in her. Three generations back there was a black in the family. In most of them it's worn itself all out completely, but she's a set back. You can see it. Her hair's as black as pitch. Not a mat, thank God; it's fine enough. Her skin's quite olive, too. The whites of her eyes are that blue-white of old china. She's got the taste, too, for gaudy colored things. Wanted to dress herself in canary-colored satin when she first came to Ballysheen. My aunts soon put a stop to that. Oh, I've no doubt they'll teach her in time."

I think just that touch made me see it most of all. The little creature putting on her bright plumage, the very colors which Nature gives to those whose home is in the sun, and then to have them stripped from her, and in their place the dull religious black of these gray countries given her to wear. Oh, no doubt, they would teach her quickly enough, those two old maiden aunts of his. Her school-room roof would be the lightless skies of gray—one quickly learns a lesson of obedience, the obedience of despair, in such a room as that. Ready to their hands would be all the forms of chastisement that can so soon break down a spirit from the sun. Just that canary-colored satin made me see it most of all.

And what did his aunts think of it all, I wondered. It was as if I had wondered aloud, for his companion echoed the question to my thought.

He shrugged his shoulders and beckoned lazily for his bill. "Can't help what they think," said he. "Matter of fact, I don't believe they like it at all. We're an old family, you see. The Fennells have been in Ireland since Cromwell. He gave us our estates, every inch of which has gone. The only property left is the old house my aunts live in. They'll be glad enough if I get a rich wife. For that reason I suppose they put up with her; but it goes against the grain. In Ireland, you know, a drop of black blood is the greatest curse you can have. They won't let anyone get a glimpse of her. I can tell you, it's a mystery over there. Everybody knows there's someone staying in the house—but they won't let her be seen. Rather rough on her, you know. They take her out for walks when it's dark—make her put a veil over her face. You wouldn't believe it in a cos-

mopolitan place like London; but it makes all the difference over there."

I heard no more than that. I could wait to hear no more.

"My things," said I to the attendant. He wanted to pull down the collar beneath my coat. I could not have borne that. It was a matter of walking home to Mount Street. There are times when the more civilized methods of progression have no meaning at all. There are times when one must return to Nature and use one's legs. I walked home, and all the time there sang in my head that phrase—no woman has ever come to me in trouble.

"My God," thought I. "If ever there was a woman in trouble!"

And then the name Clarissa—Clarissa—called itself back into my mind. Clarissa, with her little gown of canary-colored satin.

CHAPTER III

THEY can be cold, those nights in April, for spring comes timidly to this little island of ours. I have seen children, like her, peep round a door. There is laughter in their faces; it flows in a silver ripple, quivering shyly on their lips. For one instant they look in on you and then are gone. It is no good your calling. Nothing under Heaven will induce them to come back. Perhaps the next morning at the very same hour the door will open gently, you will see the sudden flash of eager eyes, but never again that day. It were as well you gave up hope of it. And so comes spring in such fashion to us here.

That very morning I had been sitting again in the Park. The sun was of pure white silver in a sky of blue. There was that cool, faint sense of chill about it, too, as when you see the flame of candles freshly lit. The daffodils under the trees lifted high their yellow petals from the grass to try and touch the warmth of it. Yet it only lasted for an hour or two. I looked down at Dandy as a gray cloud sailed up above the trees and hid the sun, and I saw a little wrinkle quiver swiftly up his back.

"Ah, my friend," said I, "I've no doubt you'd like Nature to spoil you. We all do; but, unfortunately, she won't."

I am always making these little reflections aloud to Dandy. It is not that he understands, but they do such a heap of good to me.

By night time that gray cloud had drawn a score of others after it. When I came out of the restaurant after supper the wind was scouring the streets with a shower of rain. As I walked home I thought with gratitude of the fire that I knew was burning in my room. My steps quickened as I pictured to myself the sight of Dandy lying curled in a complete circle upon the hearthrug. What manner of person, I wondered, would rise to his feet from such a comfortable position as that and greet you rapturously upon your entrance, put his hands on your wet coat and say between cavernous yawns and jovial laughter how jolly glad he was to have you back again? Perhaps there was one in the world who would have greeted a man like that.

Clarissa.

Ah, but there would be more than laughter, there would be those uncontrollable tears of gratitude if Clarissa's lover came back to her that night. Perhaps she had not even a fire by which to curl herself into the complete circle of contentment. No doubt at such an hour as that she was fast asleep in her tiny bed —or was she lying awake with eyes set deep into the darkness, listening to the ceaseless driving of the rain upon her window? Wherever she was, whatever doing, I could see the joy, lit radiant in her face, at the sound of his voice.

Then, when I thought of his return, I thought as well of him. The sudden picture of his face came straight into my eyes. I heard his voice. I heard his laughter. My God! thought I, what hopelessness to wait for such a man as that! Surely she knew the worthless kind he was? No, it was more likely she did not. So few, few women do.

"But what law of God or Nature is it," said I to myself, "that makes men treat women so?" Had there been an answer which left one shred of dignity to my back, I might have made it. So far as I could see there was none. "Unless," I

thought, "unless it is she asks no better of us and gets but little more."

The words had scarcely entered my mind when I was contradicted flatly to my face. From a doorway as I passed I heard a woman's voice.

"Here, I say."

I stopped, peering into the shadow. A girl was there, sheltering beneath the overhanging portal of the door.

"What is it?" I asked.

Perhaps the tone of genuine inquiry in my voice, no doubt a thousand other things as well, checked her in what she was going to say, for she caught the words and shut her lips upon them.

"What is it?" I asked again.

She screwed up her face into a smile; no doubt to hide the injured dignity in her heart.

"Would you like to give me my cab fare home?" said she.

Now had I received a blow of her hand across my face I should not have felt more surprise. It was so direct an answer to my assumption, to the very question I had put myself but a few steps back. I had assumed that women received the worst from us because they asked no better. Yet what better can a woman ask of any man than charity?

In some awkward effort to explain I have said that life has never reached me—no woman has ever come to me in trouble. But it is more than that—and it is less. I have often wanted a woman to say to me, "Come and buy me a hat." No woman ever has. I have known women whom I would like to have adorned from the top of their dainty heads to the soles of their elegant feet; but either it is that they have husbands who do it for them or there is some ridiculous etiquette which forbids it. It seems I am one of those men of whom a woman asks nothing, another symptom of the disease which I forgot to tell my doctor.

You may imagine, then, what I felt when this girl came out of nowhere and asked me to pay her cab fare home. My hand went straight to my pocket. She might have asked so many things other than that. She might have asked for a new hat. Her own was sodden with rain.

I looked up and down the street.

"You won't find the fare so difficult to get as the cab," said I. The whole street was empty. She peered out of the shadow, and I could see she must be wet to the skin.

"Look here," I continued, "come under this umbrella. I live just here. You'd better sit indoors while I get them to whistle for a 'taxi.'"

She stood quite still for a moment and stared at me. A foolish thing to do. Women behave ridiculously at times. It was the only obvious thing to suggest, and yet she gazed at me as though I could not possibly be aware of what I was saying. I was aware.

"Be good enough to come under this umbrella," I repeated, severely. Then she obeyed.

As we walked along in silence to my door, I began to see myself that there were two aspects to the case. I had forgotten for the moment my man. He would be waiting up for me. He always does. There are little things, and Moxon knows how to do them. I have come to believe he likes it. But would he like this?

"Oh, Moxon be damned," said I, and, of course, I must have said it out loud, for she asked me sympathetically who Moxon was.

"He looks after me," I replied.

I think that must have almost confirmed the opinion in her that I was not quite sane; that Moxon, indeed, was my keeper, for she drew away a little till I laughed and explained.

"You're a swell, then?" she said. She said it with conviction. She said it as a question, too.

"If you'll tell me what you mean by that," said I, "I'll tell you if you're right."

Whereupon for a few moments she was silent, but when I prompted her for an answer, she said,

"A swell's a swell."

"Then certainly the description doesn't apply to me," I replied, and, taking out the latchkey, I opened my door.

At first she hesitated to come in, but I took her arm. The sleeve of her dress was drenched.

"You mustn't stay outside," said I. "Just come and wait in my sitting-room while Moxon gets a 'taxi.' He won't be long."

The moment I opened the door, there, sure enough, was Dandy to his feet, but at the sight of my visitor he arrested all motion and glared. At this time of night I was his personal belonging. He had me to himself. There was no doubt he resented this intrusion of another person, and when he realized it was a woman, his contempt was wonderful. With just a glance at me, he turned round and stared into the fire. I never saw reproach so clearly drawn in the outline of a dog's back before.

"This is just a foretaste," thought I, "of what we shall get from Moxon," and I rang the bell.

When I turned round, she was looking all about the room with a silent wonder in her eyes. It is comfortable, I know. I have been told that. But no one has ever surveyed it with such an expression in their eyes as she had then. I felt almost ashamed of myself for calling it my own; for in that look I seemed to see all the dull, cheap finery of her own squalid little rooms.

"The world is hard on women," I said to myself, and again the name of Clarissa came like an echo into my thoughts. Clarissa in her little gown of canary-colored satin.

I was just going to ask her more about herself when she forestalled me.

"Do you live here alone?" she asked.

I nodded my head.

"All this to yourself?"

I nodded again.

"Aren't you lonely?"

I felt grateful for Moxon's entrance. He opened the door, and the look of astonishment that leapt into his face was ludicrous to behold.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said quickly.

"I rang," said I. "I want you to whistle for a 'taxi' for this lady. She's been caught in the rain outside."

He went out obediently, closing the door. Another moment and we heard his whistle blowing violently in the street.

"Is that Moxon?" she asked, when he had gone.

"It is."

"What's he think of you bringing me in here?"

"I shouldn't attempt to say," said I. "Moxon's mind is one of the riddles I shall never solve. Sometimes I feel inclined to believe that he never thinks at all."

She sat silent for a moment or two staring at the fire, and then suddenly looked up quickly at me.

"Why did you bring me in here?" she asked.

It came to my lips to give some irrelevant answer. Why should I tell her? Would she understand it if I did? But then there flashed across my mind the belief I always hold that above all creatures women are gifted with understanding, and I told her of the story I had just heard.

"And what's that to do with me?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied, "and everything. One woman in trouble is the whole world of women in distress. What I have to complain of is that they never come to me. You did. That's why I brought you in here. If this child in Ireland were to appeal to me——"

"How can she?"

"That's true," said I, "she doesn't know me."

She looked at me queerly—deedily is the word—and, almost in a whisper, she asked, "Why don't you go to her?"

I leant back in my chair and laughed.

"What, become a Don Quixote!" said I. "Go out and tilt at windmills, try to pose knight-errant to a child who's lost her heart to someone else! What's the good of saving any woman from her own infatuation? She'll only hate you for it."

She looked me strangely in the face.

"She'll thank you for it one day," she said, and there were whole years of terror in her voice.

Suddenly, then, I saw things differently, and at that moment came Moxon into the room.

"The 'taxi' for the lady," said he.

CHAPTER IV

Not only has Moxon his ideas about me; he has also his ideas about women.

"They're a strange lot of people," he said once to me, meaning women, but as if they were all huddled together in waiting down in the hall.

"By which you mean?" said I.

"By which I mean, sir, that my sister Amy has thrown off the man she was engaged to and has taken to religion."

That was not telling me much what he meant. I doubt if he really knew himself. In all probability it was that he had come violently to the conclusion that he knew nothing whatever about them, in which case a man will speak knowingly of women in non-committal terms.

In the same diplomatic way, I knew he must be thinking a great deal with every blast of that whistle out in the street, and doubtless in the same diplomatic way, he would express it later.

I returned therefore with a certain amount of expectancy to my room as soon as the "taxi" had driven off and that poor little creature had vanished away into the gray heart of her own world. There was that which I had slipped into her purse which might pay for the fare and perhaps a hat as well. God knows what hats cost, for I do not. Wherefore, when I put my hand into my pocket, I left it to God to suggest the amount.

And then, as I say, I returned, with a deal of expectancy in my mind. Moxon was putting out my slippers with Dandy looking on—Dandy assuring him, with expressions of contempt for his intelligence, that it was not a bit of good.

"There's someone with him," sniffed Dandy. "We shall have to sit up till they go," and he looked back again into the fire.

I remained there for a moment watching him, really waiting to hear what Moxon had to say. He stood up then, and as he said it, upon my soul, I came to the conclusion that I had never had such respect for diplomacy before.

"Is there anything more, sir?" he asked, and had there been a conscience to prick me, I swear to Heaven I should have

begged his pardon for having asked so much. As it was, I smiled serenely when I looked back into his face.

"No—I think that's enough," said I.

And when he replied, "Yes, sir," it was intended to convey that he entirely agreed with me.

I let him get to the door and there he stopped, looking round the room once more, to see if I had forgotten anything on my own account; then as he was departing, I called him back. It might have been enough for him; it was a gross misrepresentation to say that it was enough for me.

"Do you mean to say, Moxon," I began, "that you wouldn't help a woman if she was in trouble?"

"I was not aware, sir," he replied, "that I had said anything about any woman."

I had to swallow that as best I could and begin again on a fresh score.

"Well," I continued, "if a woman had asked you to give her her cab fare home—a woman drenched to the skin, sheltering in a doorway, shivering in the cold at one o'clock at night—what would you do?"

"Naturally—if you put it that way, sir—but it's against my principles, and, what's more, I'm never out at one o'clock at night, I make a point of being in by half-past eleven."

This was too evasive for me. So far as his principles are concerned, I know all about them. A man who supports his mother and two sisters out of his earnings has every right to talk about it being against his principles to help a woman in distress; but there is no special call upon one to believe him. I fancy myself that when, in a moment of confidence, Moxon told me that women as a rule do not take to him, it is that he wishes to hide his affection for the whole sex. I quite agree with him. If I had any affection for the sex, I should try to hide it myself.

But all this was really beside the point. One thing, and one thing only, was in full occupation of my mind—the last words that little half-drowned mouse had said to me before she went. "She'll thank you for it one day."

(*To be continued*)